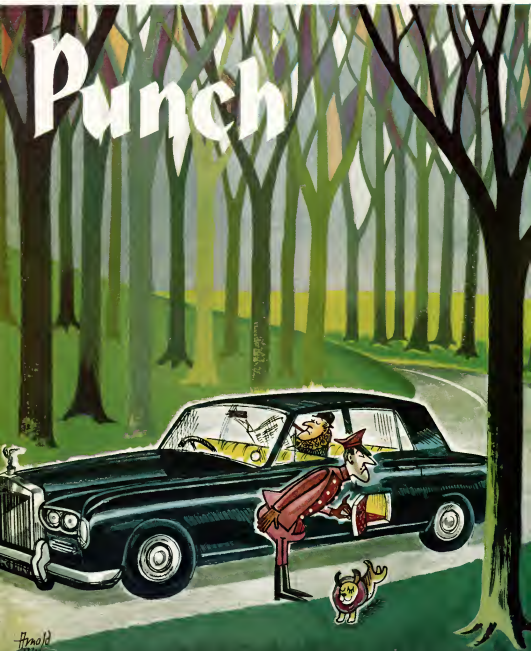


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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

## CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



**Alphaville** (A—Paris-Pullman: FRE 5890)—French: Jean-Luc Godard's science-fiction allegory about a city of the future ruled by a machine. Ingenious details, but not enough of the characteristic Godard to brighten a familiar message. (23/3/66)

**Battle of the Bulge** (A—Cinema: GER 6877)—in Ultra Panavision and colour on the Cinema screen, the spectacular and swirling story (from both sides) of the fighting in the Ardennes at the end of 1944. Robert Shaw very good as a Panzer commander. (15/12/65)

**A Blonde in Love** (X—Academy One: GER 2981)—Czech: another pleasing, touching, often very funny picture about young people and their elders by Milos Forman, director of *Pearl and Herbie*. (16/3/66)

**Born Free** (U—Coliseum: WHI 5416)—not a documentary but a re-enactment (by Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers and several lions of assorted ages) of the incidents in Joy Adamson's book about Elsa the lioness; and that's the trouble. Remarkable as a true story, it's thin as a story. (23/3/66)

**Cinema's Russian Adventure** (U—Coliseum: TEM 3161)—Russian travelogue in the old 3-1/2 inch Cinema, with some interesting spectacular stuff and an introduction and commentary by (of all people) Bing Crosby.

**The Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy** (U—Prince Charles: GER 8181)—a later compilation than *Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20s*, mostly from sound films (1928-1938); uneven, but with many of the classically funny scenes.

**Doctor Zhivago** (A—Empire: GER 1234)—David Lean's visually superb Panavision. Metrocour version of Pasternak's enormous novel about characters who lived through the Russian revolution. Very impressive, with the novel's atmosphere and depth. (4/5/66)

**Fantasia** (U—Studio One: GER 3300)—another revival of Disney's not very happy attempt (1940) to "illustrate" serious music (Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Tchaikovsky) with comic and abstract drawings in motion.

**Fists in the Pocket** (X—Academy Two: GER 5129)—Italian (I Pugn in Tarco): powerfully impressive and atmospherically remarkable story of a young epileptic and his doomed family. Some brilliant acting. (11/5/66)

**Galia** (X—Cinephone: MAY 4721, and Jacey, Piccadilly: REG 1449)—French, directed by Georges Lautner, emotional melodrama about a free-loving girl and his philandering husband of a woman she resists from attempted suicide. Good acting, good detail, strongly dramatic climax. (27/4/66)

**The Great Race** (U—Astoria: GER 5385)—comedy spectacular (Panavision and colour) about a motor-race westward from New York to Paris in 1908. Like a mixture of *These Magnificent Men* and *The Hallelujah Trail*, and heavily overemphasised with slapstick, noise and smashing-up. (20/10/65)

**Joel Killion** (U—Academy One: GER 2901)—Czech (*Postava K Podstavu*): Kalkreuth's little (40-min.) fable about a man trying to return a borrowed cat. The mood of frustration comes over perfectly, and the picture is also lovely. (4/8/65)

**Modesty Blaise** (A—Odeon, Leicester Square: WHI 6111)—Joseph Losey's lively overdecorated, tongue-in-cheek colour film based on the comic strip about the beautiful secret agent (Monica Vitti). Entertaining nonsense, and much more comic than the original. (11/5/66)

**Mr. Hulot's Holiday** (U—Prince Charles: GER 8181)—the second of the splendid, brilliantly funny Jacques Tati comedies, re-recorded in English by him. (Original version reviewed 25/1/53)

**My Fair Lady** (U—Warner: GER 3423, and Royalty HOL 8904)—George Cukor's version (Super Panavision 70, Technicolor) of Lerner and Loewe's Pymouth musical, with Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway and Cecil Beaton's sets and costumes. Essentially an idealized stage performance, enjoyable as such. (3/2/65)

**The New Angels** (X—Paris-Putman: FRE 5898)—Italian (I Nuovi Angeli): entertaining group of eight diverse episodes about Italian youth. Some touches of sexual sensationalism, but many good scenes. (15/2/64)

**Notte di Cabiria** (X—All June 5. Everyman, Hampstead: HAM 1525)—first of a five-week Fellini season: Giulietta Masina touching and funny as a simple-minded, accident-prone, variously unlucky tart. (Cabiria, 16/4/58)

**Othello** (U—Odeon, Haymarket: WHI 2738)—the National Theatre production, with Olivier: essentially record of a stage performance, but impressively well managed and visually striking in Panavision and colour. (4/5/66)

**A Patch of Blue** (A—Rite: GER 1234)—remarkable acting in a basically sentimental but very effective story about a persecuted young blind girl befriended by a Negro, whom she grows to love before knowing his colour. (18/5/66)

**Pierrot le Fou** (A—Cinema-Poly: LAN 1744)—Jean-Luc Godard directs Belmondo and Karina in a frantically inconsistent on-the-run story with many excellent scenes. Visually brilliant in Techniscope and colour. (20/4/66)

**The Sound of Music** (U—Dominion: MUS 2176)—visually beautiful (Todd-AO, De Luxe colour) adaptation of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. A formidable 3 hrs. (including interval) of treacle, made bearable by the charm and fine singing of Julie Andrews. (7/4/65)

**Stagecoach** (A—Carlton: WHI 3711)—a remake in colour and CinemaScope, often spectacularly beautiful, of the classic (1939) Western; based on Dudley Nichols's original script. Unexpectedly good, in its pop hokum way. (25/5/66) Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines (U—Metropole: VIC 4673)—a rearing force in Todd-AO and colour about the early days of flying and a London-Paris air race in 1910. As full of smash-ups and almost as full of comedians as Stanley Kramer's *Mad World*, but even less subtle. (16/4/65)

**Two Daughters** (U—Academy Cinema Club: GER 8819)—Indian: Sanyal Ray's adaptation of two Tagore short stories, "The Postmaster" and "Samapuri," most sensitively and memorably done. (18/5/63)

**Viva Maria!** (A—Cinema: GRO 3737)—French: Louis Malle's brilliantly entertaining period (1907) story in attractive colour, with Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau as a song-and-dance act with a travelling music-hall in revolutionary Central America. (20/4/66)

**Wholly Communion** (A—Academy Two: GER 5129)—34-min. impressionistic short about last year's Albert Hall poetry-reading (audience of 7,000) by Allen Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti and others. Imaginatively, amusingly done.

**Woman in White** (X—Cinema: WHI 6915)—French (Le Journal d'une Femme en Blanc), directed by Auriant-Lara: hospital melodrama, essentially propaganda for birth-control and not without sentimentality, but very well done. (25/5/66)

## THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

**ALDWYCH** (TEM 6404)—new Royal Shakespeare Company season opens with *Tango*: first full length play by Caryl Chesson.

**Alibi for a Judge** (Savoy: TEM 8888)—chinnish comedy whodunit. Andrew Cruickshank as an eccentric judge. (18/8/65)

**The Anniversary** (Duke of York's: TEM 5122)—just black comedy. Poisonous Mum and her three sons. Well acted and sometimes funny in a ghastly way. Not for the easily offended. (27/4/66)

**Arsenic and Old Lace** (Vaudeville: TEM 4071)—old-fashioned comedy-drama: Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler spooning out the poison. (2/3/66)

**Barfoot in the Park** (Piccadilly: GER 4506)—the usual calamities befall two American newlyweds. Some unusually funny wisecracks. (1/12/65)

**Beyond the Fringe** (Mayfair: MAY 3036)—this long-running revue not so sparkling now, but some items still amuse. (25/12/65)

**Black and White Minstrel Show** (Victoria Palace: VIC 1317)—the TV spectacular.

**Boeing-Boeing** (Duchess: TEM 8243)—quickfire French farce about amorous young man who fails to juggle three marriages. Very well done. (20/12/64)

**Charlie Girl** (Adelphi: TEM 7611)—British musical with lady of the manor Anna Neagle, cockney Joe Brown and My Hazzel. Friendly, cheerful show, if old-fashioned. (22/12/65)



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**CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE 1966**—The *Clandestine Marriage*: George Colman's comedy opens John Clements' first season as Artistic Director on June 1. *Come Spy with Me* (Whitehall: WH 4692)—musical comedy starring Danny La Rue. *The Doctor's Dilemma* (Comedy: WH 2578)—opens June 2.

**A Friend Indeed** (Cambridge: TEM 4056)—musical with little story and no wit, its chief pleasure the scene when twenty waiters cry *Hellol* to Dolly (Doris Bryson), (8/12/65). **An Ideal Husband** (Strand: TEM 2660)—Margaret Lockwood's wicked Mrs. Cheveley far and away the best thing in this otherwise so-so Wilde revival, (29/12/65). **The Killing of Sister George** (St. Martin's: TEM 1443)—delightful Beryl Reid as the District Nurse character in a radio serial. What happens to her she sees and off when the character has to be written out of the script. All woman cat and lesbian relationship, (30/6/65).

**Let's Get a Divorce** (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—French farce; opens June 2.

**London Laughs** (Palladium: GER 7373)—new variety show with Harry Secombe, Thora Hird and Freddie Frinton.

**Man and Superman** (Garrick: TEM 4661)—excellent production of top quality Shaw, Stan Phillips and Alan Badel starring, (11/12/65).

**The Matchgirls** (Globe: GER 1592)—better than average musical marred by sentimentality. Nice dancing, Vivienne Martin a lovely heroine, (9/3/64).

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**: (Open Air Theatre: Regent's Park)—season opens June 6.

**The Mousetrap** (Ambassadors: TEM 1171)—Agatha Christie thriller, (16/12/52 and 30/12/64).

**OLD VIC** (WAT 7616)—**Black Comedy**: a roomful of people plunged into darkness by a blown fuse. Peter Shaffer shows us the embarrassing consequences—on a brilliantly lit stage, (16/3/66). **A Bond Honoured**: new John Osborne play performed with Black Comedy, opens June 6.

**June and the Paycock**: O'Casey's tragic masterpiece of the Irish Civil War. Profoundly affecting performance by Joyce Redman as June. Good work by Colin Blakely (the Paycock), Frank Finlay, Madge Ryan. Direction by Olivier, (4/5/66). **Love for Love**: Congreve's comic masterpiece with all the company's stars shining, (27/10/65).

**Othello**: good National Theatre production with Olivier all black and a mile wide, (29/4/64). **The Royal Hunt of the Sun**: Peter Shaffer's magnificent episodic drama. Robert Stephens and Colin Blakely superb as the Inca King and Pizarro, (15/7/64). **Trelawny of the "Wells"**: Pinter's comedy about theatre folk very well done with Louise Purrell, Paul Curran and Robert Stephens as the principals, (24/11/65).

**Oliver!** (New: TEM 3878)—the most successful English musical of our time. Lionel Bart's songs still worth hearing but performances not what they were, (30/12/64).

**On the Level** (Saville: TEM 4061)—musical by the Robert and Elizabeth team. Swirling music and stunning dancing, (27/4/66).

**The Owl and the Pussy Cat** (Criterion: WH 3216)—amusing twosome between talkative broad and snooty intellectual. Diana Sands and Anton Rodgers, (9/3/66).

**The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie** (Wyndham's: TEM 3028)—Vanessa Redgrave superbly strange and moving as the eccentric teacher in this excellent adaptation of Muriel Spark's novel. Clever performances from the schoolgirls too, (11/5/66).

**QUEEN'S** (REG 1166)—*Shadows of the Evening*: Coward as an agnostic dying of cancer and steeling himself against extinction. Disappointingly pedestrian but accompanied by the better *Come Into the Garden Maud!* romantic Italian princess (Lilli Palmer) lures millionaire American (Noel Coward) from his selfish wife (Irene Worth). A minor work amusingly told. Miss Worth excellent as the snobish, snapping wife, (4/5/66). *Song at Twilight*: in which Noel Coward plays a querulous queer, Irene Worth his wife and Lilli Palmer a companion from the pasts in a play (by Coward) that shows that the hand of the old master has lost nothing of its old masterful cunning, (27/4/66).

**Robert and Elizabeth** (Lyric: GER 3686)—musical comedy, (28/10/64).

**ROYAL COURT** (SLO 1745) Tenth Anniversary Season—*The Very Own and Golden City*: Arnold Wesker's life-story of a left-wing architect who dreams of a better world and is disenchanted, Ian McKellen and

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Penobian Shaw in the leading rôles. Interesting in parts but less interesting in other parts. (25/5/66). **The Voyageur Inheritance:** Granville-Barker's play about a fraudulent solicitor revives very well and is excellently acted. Worth seeing. (20/4/66) **Say Who You Are** (Her Majesty's: WHI 6606)—Ian Carmichael and three more in a pretty funny farce about infidelity. Done well and see it. (20/10/65) **The Sound of Music** (Palace: GER 6634)—very sentimental American musical but with fine tunes and good singing. (30/12/64) **Spring and Port Wine** (Apollon: GER 2663)—Bill Naughton's new domestic comedy-drama with Alfred Marks a stern paterfamilias. Very good entertainment, very well done. (12/1/66) **STRATFORD-upon-AVON** 1966 Season—Hamlet again in the repertory. (1/9/65). **Henry IV, parts 1 and 2:** good clear production with Paul Rogers emphasising the seediness of the fat knight and Ian Holm a canny Prince Hal. Both plays occasionally performed on the same day. (20/4/66) **You Never Can Tell** (Haymarket: WHI 9832)—Ralph Richardson the wise waster in a Shaw revival that doesn't otherwise have much to shout about. (1/9/1/66)

#### OUT OF TOWN

**Barrow.** Her Majesty's—**The Caretaker** (Harold Pinter) until Jun 11  
**Bristol.** Little—**Bristol Fashion** (Bicentenary production) until Jun 11  
**Derby.** Playhouse—**The Ghost Train** (Arnold Ridley) until Jun 11  
**Edinburgh.** Royal Lyceum—**When We Are Married** (J. B. Priestley) until Jun 11

#### SPORT

**Cricket**  
Jun 2-7 **England v West Indies** (1st Test)  
Old Trafford  
Jun 4-6 **Nottinghamshire v Hampshire**  
Trent Bridge  
Jun 4-7 **Gloucestershire v Derbyshire**  
Bristol  
**Kent v Sussex**  
Tunbridge Wells  
**Leicestershire v Lancashire**  
Leicester  
**Middlesex v Yorkshire**  
Lord's  
**Somerset v Surrey**  
Bath  
**Worcestershire v Warwickshire**  
Worcester  
**Cambridge University v Northamptonshire**  
Cambridge  
**Oxford University v Essex**  
Oxford



**Golf**  
Jun 6-11 **Amateur Championship**  
Carnoustie, Angus  
**Yachting**  
Jun 4-11 **Forth Yachting Week**  
Firth of Forth

#### MUSIC AND BALLET

**Christ Church Lancaster Gate** Jun 7, 7 pm Christopher Bowers-Broadbent (organ)  
**Commonwealth Institute** Jun 2 7.30 pm Jacques Orchestra (Bernard Jacob) Stravinsky, Milhaud, Martin, Gounod  
**Kenwood Lakeside NW3** Jun 4, 8 pm New Philharmonia Orchestra (George Hurst) David Mason (trumpet) Trumpet Concerto (Haydn) Capriccio Espagnol, Symphony No 4 (Tchaikovsky)  
**Ranger's House Blackheath** Jun 5, 7.30 pm Fou Ts'ong (piano) Schubert, Liszt  
**Royal Albert Hall** Jun 5, 7.30 pm Royal Philharmonic



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Orchestra (Sir Adrian Boult) Yehudi Menuhin (violin) Symphony No 8 in F major, two Romances in F major and G major for Violin and Orchestra, Violin Concerto in D major (Beethoven)

Royal Festival Hall Jun 1, 8 pm Ravi Shankar (sitar) Alla Rakha (tabla) Indian music  
Jun 2, 8 pm New Philharmonia Orchestra (Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos) Nathan Milstein (violin) Symphony No 44 in E minor (Haydn) Violin Concerto in A minor (Glazunov) Violin Concerto No 1 in D (Prokofiev) Two Suites from The Three Corners Hat (Falla)

Jun 3, 8 pm Folkland of Britain  
Jun 4, 7.30 pm BBC International Festival of Light Music  
Jun 5, 3 pm Daniel Wapenberg (piano) Beethoven, Chopin, Scriabin, Prokofiev, Schumann, Ravel  
Jun 5, 7.30 pm London Symphony Orchestra, LSO Chorus (Seiji Ozawa) Joan of Arc at the Stake (Honegger)  
Jun 7, 7 pm New Philharmonia Orchestra (Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos) Michael Roff (piano) Symphony No 1 in D (Prokofiev) Piano Concerto in C (Mozart) Symphony No 8 in G (Dvorak)

US Embassy Jun 6, 6.30 pm New York Chamber Soloists Victoria and Albert Museum Jun 5, 7.30 pm Alan Civil (horn) Bernard Walton (clarinet) Hugh Bean (violin) Eileen Croxford (cello) David Parkhouse (piano) Beethoven, Brahms  
Westminster Abbey Jun 7, 4.15 pm Fernando Germani (organ) Reger

Wigmore Hall Jun 1, 7.30 pm Stephen Bishop (piano solo) Benjamin Luxon (baritone) David Willson (piano) Schubert, Chopin, Wolfgang Fortner, Brahms  
Commonwealth Institute Jun 4, 8 pm Ritha Devi and her Company of Musicians Dances of India

Covent Garden Jun 1, 7.30 pm Urs Ballo in Maschera (Verdi)  
Jun 2, 8 pm La Fille du Régiment (Donizetti)

Jun 3, 4, 6, 7.30 pm Romeo and Juliet (ballet)  
Sadler's Wells Jun 1, 3, 7.30 pm Bluebeard (Offenbach)  
Jun 2, 4, 6, 7.30 pm La Vie Parisienne (Offenbach)

Finbury Circus Garden Jun 1, 12 pm, Band of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps  
St Paul's Cathedral Steps Jun 2, 12 pm Band of the Irish Guards  
St Martin-in-the-Fields Jun 7, 1.5 pm Rachel Gussell (piano)

## RESTAURANTS

Appreciations are based on unsolicited and unannounced visits by staff members. We cannot be responsible for alterations in standards and prices since our last visit. Prices: 25/- a head, with wine, is considered cheap, and £3 expensive.



Coc d'Or Stratford Street W1: MAY 7807—unquestionably one of the finest restaurants in the country. Impossible to fault any of the dishes but feuilleté d'homard and Quenelles de brochet. Nantua are particularly outstanding. Exemplary cellar, as a price, and the waiters, who might have been bred for the lunch Expressians, are benevolent quicksilver. Closed Sun. Expensive.

Cheese Ciccio 38 Church Street W1: WES 2005—quiet, roomy near-glass basement. Careful cooking from guaranteed fresh ingredients. Italian emphasis, pleasant service, fair wine list, prices middling. Lunch 12-3 dinner 6-11 (not Sun).

Maggie Jones's 6 Old Court, Kensington Church Street WB: WES 6462—far-sixed, farm-house decor—dressers, mangers, plain pine pew; friendly placed service; excellent food, reasonable wine list; cheapish. Lunch 12-3, dinner (not Sun) 7-12.

Mazzini's 1-2 Leicester St WC2: GER 4864—large informal ground floor restaurant (smarter upstairs); fast attentive service with excellent fish dishes. Boon for hen parties. Wines by glass and carafe. Cheap. Midday to midnight. Sun 5-11.

La Poule au Pot 231 Ebury Street SW1: SLO 7763—pleasantly informal French-seeming atmosphere with good mainly French food; lavish wine list but cheerful attentive service. Cheap plus. Dinner only 6.30-11.15 (not Sun). Pizzalla 125 Chancery Lane EC4: CHA 2601—efficient Italian, tiled and cool with room between tables and a nice eye for the look of food. Quick and pleasant service. Medium prices.

Genevieve 13 Thayer Street W1: WEL 5023—some of the best French bourgeois cooking in London and consequently a slight lack of imagination in hors d'oeuvres and sweets. Main dishes universally excellent, as is the long and fair-priced wine list. Service geared to the fact that the bourgeoisie like to talk between courses. Lunch 12.15-3, dinner 6.30-midnight (not Sun). Medium prices.

Prunder's 72 St. James Street SW1: HYD 1273—deservedly famous for fish done with just the right degree of elaboration. Very French feel about fuss free decor. Good wine list. Expensive. Lunch 12-3, dinner 5.45-11.30 (not Sun).

Rules 25 Maiden Lane WC2: TEL 5314—basically just a very good restaurant, well suited for southern throatland. Pleasantly Edwardian flavour, Franco-British food, sensible wines. Prices medium plus. Lunch 12-3. Dinner 6-11.20 (not Sun).

## MISCELLANEOUS

Pageant 1046-1966 Berkhamstead Castle Jun 3-11

South Cheshire Traction Engine and Veteran Car Rally Crewe Jun 4, 5

Stanley Spencer Gallery: exhibition Cookham-on-Thames until Sept

1966 Diamond Jubilee Open Exhibition of Embroidery Commonwealth Institute WB until Jun 5

Royal Artillery Exhibition: 250th Anniversary Barbican, Haymarket SW1 until Jun 23

1966 Design Centre Awards Design Centre, Haymarket SW1 until Jun 10

Dead Sea Scrolls: exhibition National Museum of Wales, Cardiff until Jun 4

Open Air Sculpture: exhibition Battersea Park until Sept

Music Hall Posters: exhibition Oxford Playhouse until Jun 4

Charles Ricketts and the Theatre: exhibition British Theatre Museum, Holland Park Road until Oct (Tues, Thur, Sat 11-5)

Turner Watercolours: exhibition Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester 15 until Jun 4

Cricketer: exhibition Longford Hall Art Gallery, Streeford until Jun 4

Contemporary Chinese Paintings and Handicrafts Central Library, Swiss Cottage NW3 until Jun 4

English Little Masters: exhibition Lower Nisung Gallery, Cradley, Nr Malvern until Jun 11

Venice: watercolours and prints Reid Gallery, Milkhouse Gate, Guildford until Jun 11

## SHOPPING IN SOHO

A shopping trip to Soho is the cheapest way to the Continent there is. Walk, early in the morning for preference, along Old Compton Street past the silent juke boxes and empty terrapin clubs. The smell will draw you in to the Algerian Coffee Stores (52); let them help you find the right blend of after-dinner coffee; or buy some of their China tea with jasmine blossom. Further along is Del Monaco's (66) one half filled with wines and spirits at very low prices, and the other side stocked with French walnut cheese, tinned artichoke hearts, tiny nougat bars and glans of ripe black olives. Nearly next door is Sandret (70) importers and retailers of French sugar, coffee and an excellent selection of biscuits. Across the road is I Gammas with salami and garlic sausages festooning the doorway.

Berwick Street Market stretching into Rupert Street has stalls selling fruit and vegetables, mostly very good value but comparison shopping is advisable. In Rupert Street is Huxtable (55) an old-fashioned chandler's shop selling enamel kettles, candles, garlic, paraffin, ground spices, and in the window ten different types of rice. In Brewer Street, between the markets, Lina Stores (18) have tinned escargots, marron flour and a windowful of patterned sacks of pasta from tiny stars to wide, flat ribbon noodles. Richards opposite have good fish and helpful assistants (closed Monday). Hamburger Products (1) have smoked salmon, trout, buckling and mackerel. Further along is Kwang Shung Lung who sell jars of preserved plums and ginger and have seemingly inexhaustible patience and will explain all about the green bean shoots and strange looking jars behind the counter. Floris at 43 sell superb, mouth-watering chocolates and charming Cellophane bags of crystallised fruit and nuts. Nearby at Cordons (45) you can buy real plaid (3 sorts) and they will also find you a Bre in exactly the right state of ripeness. Butchers in Soho are many and varied. Matthews in Berwick Street is said to be good, while Randall and Aubin 16 Brewer Street have some fascinating art nouveau certificates in their favour. Benoit Bullock in Old Compton Street have properly larded joints as well as minced veal, pork, and steak tartare. Before you go home call in at Denney's on the corner of Dean Street and buy a chef's white or blue-striped apron or a sensible hand wearing crash oven-cloth. Most shops close at lunch time on Thursdays.



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## ARE YOU GRADUATING THIS YEAR?

The world may be your oyster and education may have provided you with an oyster knife—but it is up to you to use the knife, to open up your oyster and find the pearl. In this *PUNCH* can help you.

If the first phase of your future plans are not yet settled, take a look at the "Career Opportunities" page each week. It may lead you to a career tailor-made to suit your flair and knowledge.

Perhaps your plans have already been made. It will still help if you know other (perhaps better) alternatives for the future; and you will find some each week in the "Career Opportunities" page.

Maybe you graduated one or two years ago and your high hopes and great expectations proved too optimistic. There are new possibilities open to you. Watch for them every week in the "Career Opportunities" page.

## CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

on page xiii in this issue of *PUNCH*



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# PUNCH

Vol. 250 No. 6560 June 1 1966

## Interval for Summer

THE Advertising Association was told the other day that cricket would be "gone" in ten years' time and that soccer, "as we know it," might disappear. Gloomy words, these, to herald a summer in which we in Britain are hosts to the West Indians and the last sixteen in the World Cup soccer competition. We know that the Tests and the July football matches will be attended by vast crowds, and yet deep down we all know that the pessimistic prognostications are to some extent justified. Gates are falling steadily. Three-day county cricket nowadays seldom attracts more than a handful of elderly spectators; League soccer attendances have been cut by forty per cent over the past ten years; and Wimbledon isn't what it was.

Why? The trouble with highly organised games is that they are apt to breed study conservatism among players and administrators. Games are governed by rules, laws and codes handed down from generation to generation, and the continuity of practice and procedure is important. These miniature wars between bat and ball, attackers and defenders, depend for their appeal on a delicate balance of forces: there must be probability laced with improbability. Physical stature, strength, skill and character should normally carry the day, but temperament, luck and the weather should be capable of upsetting the form book. The great games are so beautifully balanced that they seem somehow miraculous in conception, and any suggestion for reform is frowned upon as revolutionary irresponsibility.

So the gamesmen are apt to be ultra-conservative, to resist change even when the need for it is obvious. Confronted by falling gates and disastrous profit-and-loss accounts they reject ideas for internal reorganisation and look elsewhere for scapegoats. So the cricketers continue with their three-day county matches and blame yachting, bingo, motor cars and the declining moral fibre of modern youth for their lack of support. And the footballers, saddled with a League system choked with dreary second- and third-class fixtures blame the telly for the slump in gates.

It is true of course that affluence has widened people's horizons, given many thousands attractive new outlets for their energy and generated new enthusiasms, and no doubt this is socially desirable; but brighter cricket, better football and "open" tennis tournaments would still, I think, provide more acceptable entertainment than telly-snooking or car polishing.

Cricket needs a face-lift. Although

there have been successful experiments with one-day cup games the counties are still struggling with a system of three-day matches that has been out-of-date for fifty years. Full-time cricket is obviously a game for professionals only, so week-in-week-out from May to September the same bunch of ill-paid hacks tours the circuit, becoming progressively more weary, stale and cautious. A decent average will mean a renewal of contract, bread and butter for the family; so the pro listens to the annual plea for brighter cricket with a wry smile.

The first need is to convert the cricket championship into a competition for clubs. Allegiance to the county as the playing unit is no longer strong enough to arouse the kind of partisanship that the game needs in its followers. Next, the two-innings match should be abandoned (except for Tests and representative games) and be replaced by the one-innings type of cricket enjoyed in the Northern leagues, by the club sides and in the villages. My point is that spectators would enjoy a one-day match—six hours of play, with a definite finish—much more than they do the odd hours they can spare to watch a small part of a three-day county game. I am sure too that they would find more excitement in London Oval v. Leicester City than in Surrey v. Leicestershire.

Week-end cricket would of course knock professionalism, but it would also encourage thousands of league and club cricketers to aim at big-time cricket. After all, the countries against whom we play our Tests manage to produce decent sides without employing professionals and without resorting to our six-day-week slog (or pat).

Soccer's need is structural alteration. Top football is now the international game played at club level, yet so side-bound are the game's administrators that no provision is made for such great clubs as Glasgow Rangers and Celtic to meet Spurs, Liverpool and Manchester United in any kind of competition. There is too much soccer of the professional kind: smaller leagues drawn from the best clubs in Britain and Europe would canalise the talent in the game and produce the sporting spectacular that wins massive popular support.

The time to air these arrogant opinions is now, when the crowds are preparing to feast on the exceptional sporting talent of an exceptional summer, and everything in the garden looks lovely. Next year I shall be able to say "I told you so," and I shall hate saying it.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

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Bernard Hollowood

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If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £3 5s. 0d. to the Publisher, *Punch*, 39, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4, PLEST Street 9181.

\* For overseas rates see page 624.

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ALAN COREN is touring North Africa and the Middle East. This is his third report.

## COME WITH ME TO THE CASBAH

I HAVE always believed that at some time during the spring of 1880, a small, bearded man with rimless glasses and nervous hands showed up at the offices of Monsieur Eiffel, bowed stiffly from the waist, and placed a small metal object on the great man's desk.

"What is it?" asked Eiffel, understandably enough.

"I've called it *Souvenir de Paris*," said the little man.

"Sounds like scent," said the engineer. "What's it for?"

"You will notice," said the little man, "that it's in the shape of a tower. On the front there is a thermometer, on the top there is a small chiming clock, a calendar is set in the base, and if you hold it up to your eye, you will see the chorus line from the Moulin Rouge."

Eiffel held it to his eye.

"So what?" he said, after a while.

"I plan to market ten million of these miniature towers," said the little man. "We could make a bomb. Clean up. With the Great Exhibition coming off, millions of tourists will be wanting something to remember Paris by."

"I don't see how this is going to remind them of anything in Paris," said Eiffel.

"That," said the little man, unlocking his briefcase, and extracting a sheet of paper covered in minuscule handwriting, "is where you come in."

I expound this watertight theory now partly because I believe that the truth shall make you free, but mainly, as you will of course have discerned, because it bears directly on the very warp (and, at some points, even the very woof) of the Algiers legend. In fact, almost all foreign travel is shot through with the egg vs. chicken controversy: whether or not the

Taj Mahal was actually built by moonlight by six hundred travel agents, as some accounts maintain, is less important than the fact that it doesn't relate to the real India any more than Anne Hathaway's cottage or a copper's helmet relates to the real England. What it does relate to is the brochure-India, and an unfortunate concomitant of the jet airliner and the package tour is the need for real countries to live up to their brochure *doppelgänger* in order to make sure that the patrons of Horizon Holidays come back next year for another dose.

Which brings me to Algiers. (What in

fact brought me to Algiers, for those of you who read my account of the breakdown of my vehicle, was an Algerian lorry hired after a day's hard bargaining with three steel-toothed citizens who by now, no doubt, have retired to Tahiti on the proceeds.) It isn't so much a brochure-image that's involved in Algiers, but rather the effect created over the years by the cinema's need for exotic backdrops against which its fantasies could be played out. Since, during the 'thirties (the heyday of the fez, leer, and dagger), very few cinemagoers could have had the opportunity of testing the authenticity of what they saw, it was quite safe for Hollywood to knock up a plasterboard casbah, fill it with Californian extras in veils and linen suits, and call it Algiers. After all, it looks all right on an atlas, which is as near as the producers could have come to a working acquaintance with the place: along with Tangiers, Istanbul, Cairo and all those other seething cauldrons through which Peter Lorre chased Alan Ladd, and vice-versa, Algiers was clearly The Gateway To The Orient, with all that that entailed—you couldn't hear yourself think in Algiers for the noise of opium-smokers shooting one another in the back, bombs going off in restaurants, minor figures having their



"I tell you he's export mad!"



"Right. Last one in is a sissy!"

toenails pulled out, and Francis L. Sullivan falling off Humphrey Bogart's balcony five times a night. While all this was going on at Warner Brothers or M-G-M, however, a million Algerians, not eight thousand miles from that very spot, were daily getting up at seven, going off to work, taking the kids to school, buying the groceries, coming home at six for supper, and generally getting through the day without too many interruptions for pulling stilettos out of their ribs and throttling Edward G. Robinson with his own suspenders.

Not that I realised any of this at first. It wasn't possible to consider the Algiers I thought I knew as figmentary—there must have been *some* basis for the legend, after all, even if the gutters weren't actually awash with blood twenty-four hours a day. In consequence, when we arrived at our hotel during the early evening, I took the precaution of locking all the doors, drawing the curtains, and going to bed with the keys tied to my left leg. (The thought occurred later that anyone choosing to shoot his way into our room would be unlikely to rummage through the bedclothes for the key, but it seemed like a good idea at the time.)

The next morning we were both alive, which put us several lengths up on Peter Lorre *et al*, and in consequence my wife insisted on ordering breakfast. It was against my better judgment, since I knew that room service in Algiers tended to consist of a scorpion disguised as a boiled egg or a hand-grenade concealed in a teapot, but it finally came, apparently untampered with: there was one rather maladroit moment when the waiter noticed me standing behind the door with a table-lamp held above my head, but it passed with no comment either way, and he slid off silently, no doubt to shoot someone in No. 43.

I opened the curtains circumspectly, and looked out: there was no one crouching on the balcony, and although my polka-dot pyjamas presented the sort of target the average white slaver dreams of getting in his sights, bullets refused to whang into the plaster beside my head. What I did see was the iridescent white curve of the Bay of Algiers embracing the turquoise Mediterranean, and a sky silver with sun, and a sad thought flickered in my mind for all those inhabitants who had failed to survive the night and experience this glorious day.

Small boats dotted the harbour, and although they were there solely for the purpose of dumping corpses overboard, they nevertheless bobbed across the seascape very acceptably indeed.

"I want to see the Casbah," my wife said.

I drew a hoarse mocking laugh from my repertoire and let it run its course: true, the pull of the Casbah, full as it was with harems, lush tropical booze, savage sensual promise and Charles Boyer's mulatto descendants, exercised an undeniable attraction. But a morning's stroll through the alien alleys also, I knew, represented as close an approximation to voluntary self-annihilation as anything you could shake a stick at. So I immediately put my foot down, and we went.

I can't remember if anyone actually went with him to the Casbah when young Boyer asked them, but if there are quicker ways to puncture a romance I haven't run across them: the native quarters of Tangiers and Fez and Marrakesh aren't places where a European tourist need feel guilt and pity and anger—crowded ghettos they may be, and filled with poverty and hardship,



but they're also alive and vital and colourful. Every other shop is a noisy cafe, the craftsmen work in tiny open-fronted rooms surrounded by chattering sidekicks, Moorish music goes full blast day and night, and the market-places and little squares teem with people who exude a cheerfulness and friendliness that suggest that their obvious deprivations and difficulties are considerably offset by the particular pleasures of a closely interknit village society which the urban European will never enjoy. But the Algiers Casbah is a huge and terrible slum, a great rotten tumbling-together of human sties, an incubator of disease and wretchedness; no music, sparse laughter. But its image as a lotus-land persists: at one point, at an intersection of four dreadful alleyways, we came upon a middle-aged American woman, surrounded by begging children and dully staring adults, who seemed to be having trouble getting across to her Arab guide. She saw us approaching and trotted over. "Maybe you can help me," she said, "I'm trying to find the *real* Casbah, only nobody seems to know where it is."

The odd thing is that the brochure-reality and the process of life learning to imitate even the lowest art for economic purposes does actually exist now in Algiers. Presumably, complaints from tourists who have mooned about for days without having been accosted, summarily buried, or sold into slavery have gradually filtered through to the native Algerians: either that, or the birth of local TV has introduced them to that elderly celluloid and a burning desire to build a land fit for Hedy Lamarr to live

in. Whatever the reason (and a national unemployment figure of over thirty per cent, coupled with a frantic need, since the departure of French investment, for foreign capital, is as good as any), a concerted effort is now being made in Algiers to woo and pull the European and American tourist to a city which must live up to its counterfeit image in order to succeed. The evening after our sadder but wiser return from the Casbah, still believing that the other Algiers existed if only one could wrinkle it out, we slipped into assorted yardage of Simpson's Natty Tropical and sauntered forth into the modern part of town in quest of the bead curtain and the shifty eye.

A guide, who obligingly latched on to us at the first touch of toe on *trottoir* and had his conspiratorial leering down to a fine art, immediately promised to take us to "a bad place, with bad women, all bad things." It occurred to me to correct his colloquial English for future reference, but something held me back, and it clearly knew what it was doing. The guide he took us to, obligingly called "Le Dive," was as comically bad as anything Akim Tamaroff ever ran through with his gat blazing: "Authentic Algiers Atmosphere" it said on the booze-list, thus setting a nice question for any linguistic philosophers who might have been in the audience, and it did its best to back up what it thought was the foreigner's conception of that authenticity by having an eye-shaded pianist misplaying "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," lashings of super-market incense, girls in holey leotards dispersing le gintonique at a quid a shot, and a belly-dancer who must have been







"Phrase-book."

chosen for the sexiness of her carboles, or something. Either that, or the management was trying to give the impression that she was in fact an undercover policeman keeping an eye on the joint.

And the audience? The sloe-eyed women, the iron men, the pushers, the pimps, the fugitive nuclear physicists here for sex-change operations? Hum. At our table were two welders from Birmingham working on the Bektel pipeline at Hasi Masoud, at the one behind was a party from New York complaining about the room service at the Tehran Hilton, and the only figure who sidled up to me in the gents was a bloke from Ilford who'd run out of his quota of duty-free fags and wondered if I could sell him a packet of Players.

It was the same sad cardboard story in "Le Chat Noir," "Le Grisi," and about ten other haunts the guide insisted on carting us to: all of them built on studio-set lines within the past year or so, all of them claiming to the genuineness of their villainy. They reminded me of nothing so much as those artificial towns in Arizona and California, where you pay \$2 a head to watch men dressed as cowboys firing at a stagecoach with blanks three times a day in order that the TV image of the Old West may remain unsullied.

But later, walking home at around 2 am in what is probably a damned sight safer place than the West End at the same hour, we were suddenly stopped by an immaculately togged-out copper with a Sten at the ready and a cool line in tight-tipped elocution. For those of you who just skim papers, let me point out that for some days past, a political opponent of Boumedienne, one Ait Ahmed, has been on the loose after breaking gaol, and road-blocks have been out day and night. At this particular one, however, I didn't have our passports (having Sellotaped them to the underside of the lavatory seat in the hotel to prevent their loss during the grievous bodily harm which I'd then assumed was the Algerian order of the day). I pointed this out, in English, to the guide, and he said: "Give him anything. He can't read." Though fearing plots, I duly passed him the guarantee on my camera from my wallet, and he smiled, and saluted, and waved us on.

And that, I suppose, reasonably encapsulated the true seamy side of life in Algiers. Poverty, illiteracy, political and economic instability, disillusionment with the revolution, mourning for the ten years' war—those are the real villains and the real crimes.

Even though they're not authentic.

## THE CONSUL

by

R. G. G. Price

OFFICIALLY I don't exist.

London forgets it left me here  
When it broke relations off.

I live with lizards, damp and beer.  
Only the visits from Countess Magda.

Keep me civilised and sane,  
And also those of Petronella,

Charity Gage and Mrs. Paine.  
Making sure there is no clashing

Hones my administrative sense.  
Insects drop from sodden branches,

Jackals cry beyond the fence.  
Into the schedule come new faces;

Dating them requires some skill:  
Lorna, Stephanotis, Pongo,

Lady Molly Hooper-Brill.  
With a rough, homemade computer

I can keep them well apart;  
(Ambrosine outstays her welcome,

Messing up my careful chart.)  
White ants eat the old legation.

Soon the consulate will fall.  
I'm kept busy stopping awkward

Confrontations in the hall.

## Accept No Substitutes

### JULIE IS EGGED OFF

#### West End Theatre Up roar

Nineteen-year-old Julie Queen had her big chance last night.

Half an hour before curtain time Barbara Beaver, star of the West-End musical "Have A Go, Joe, Your Mother Won't Know," went down with West-End food poisoning.

"You're on!" they told Julie.

"Like hell I am," said Julie. "I've got letters to write."

The cast pleaded with Julie. Herb Flitt, the leading man, gave her a lucky shamrock. The stage manager slapped her. She relented.

But Julie had been on stage hardly five minutes before the gallery exploded. Pennies rained down. Eggs flew. Binoculars were wrenched from their moorings. Mounted police rode into the stalls.

"Well, I warned them," sobbed Julie. "I'm going right back to Sheffield, to the jelly baby factory I never should have left..."

**It is a British tradition that the stand-in shall always rise to the occasion. But not always, as these reports show.**

### JUDGE'S BARBED TRIBUTE

When Mr. Claude Pouncefoot, QC, was called away from a murder trial at Bagshot Assizes yesterday his junior, Mr. Rupert Slivowitz, at once took over and made an impassioned speech lasting two hours without once consulting his notes.

"In all my years on the Bench," said Mr. Justice Firpole, "I have never heard a plea of such sustained brilliance. What a pity it referred to a case of indecency which has not yet been called."

### HOW HONG KONG FELL

#### Dilemma of a Lone Subaltern

On a sun-seared hill in the New Territories Lieutenant "Dickie" Faugh-Hampton of the Wessex Fusiliers wiped the grime of battle from his steel-blue eyes. Once again the Chinese were advancing in relentless

waves. If he failed, Hong Kong would be lost for ever to the Crown.

Through his head rang the immortal lines of Newbolt: "The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel's dead..." But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks..."

Command lay heavily on the young officer's blistered shoulders. He was too young to be facing, almost single-handed, Mao's frenzied millions. A damned sight too young, he thought. But this was what they had trained him for.

"Fire!" he cried. The range was too short.

"Fire!" he cried. The range was too long.

A third time he cried "Fire!"

"Sorry, sir," said the Sergeant-Major. "We're out of ammo."

That night, as the slant-eyed devils sacked and looted Britain's last citadel in Asia...

extract from Daily Globe's

### THIS IS AMERICA

When Saul Hauptmann, the famous surgeon, collapsed and died while conducting a heart operation at Mount Zion Hospital, Sausalito, yesterday the call went out for Paul Spack, a brilliant young house doctor who had never previously removed an appendix. He was so surprised that he, too, collapsed and died.

extract from

### Mac Stunning's Sports Commentary, *Evening Star*:

Well, it's down the hole with young Jim Braddock, the brilliant sauce-bottler's apprentice from Warrington. When Spurs' outside left was crushed by a falling arch in Hounslow, Jim had his long-awaited chance to take the field against Manchester United. To the amazement of the fans, he missed three open goals, was offside twenty-seven times, quarrelled with the referee, broke the leg of his own centre-half and ended up as the only player to leave the field unknissed, a record for the ground. If he showed any proficiency it was in returning bottles thrown by the spectators...

### ROYAL PILOT IN AIR SCARE

Prince Philip yesterday took over the controls of a BEA Trident jet air liner on a flight from London to Istanbul.

"Frankly," said Mr. Richard Hoke, the pilot, at Istanbul Airport, "I was jolly glad when he packed it in and went back to the cabin. So were the passengers. He just hadn't a clue and we were lucky not to end up in Helsinki. If you ask me, he shouldn't be let out in charge of a pram."



When Britain's top-milk-yielding Josie Annabelle of Hardcastle was unable, through indisposition, to appear at the Royal Dairy Show, her understudy, Brigitte Evelyn Topcoat III (pictured above) panicked at the photographers' flashlights, kicked over her pail and withdrew to her suite at the Hilton. Her keeper, Fred Cackle, broods on the instabilities of bovine temperament.



*"And in response to public demand—your built-in safety factor."*

# HOW I MADE MY FIRST...

**GWYN THOMAS**

recalls some early failures serving Mamma



ONCE I shared a lift with John Bloom. Years earlier, in Barcelona I was knocked down by a bicycle being ridden by a strange and dangerous genius called Juan March. He was the man who threw his cash behind Franco and his collision with me was the only thing out of which he did not make a million. Prostrate and swearing Celts were ten a penny at the time and he pedalled on to some new triumph on the Barcelona Bourse.

I am sorry that this was so. I would have liked something from these fantastic entrepreneurs to have rubbed off on to me. There was never any lack of wishing on my part in this matter of wealth. Always at the back of my mind was the picture of myself as Al Capone, the kid from the twisted valley street who had finally got uowound and made it to the top, cigar in mouth, smiling at a captive plebs, police departments in my pocket, women signalling me towards them, hailing me as king, fat and potent from the manipulation of a thousand mischiefs, of which the first was the sale of bootleg parsnip wine to a world of terrified deacons.

My failure to get beyond the pipe stage of this dream must have made the ghost of Capone frown and wonder where he had failed as a teacher. In the whole history of the acquisitive urge no one has been lowered so firmly into a coffin of rejections.

I grew up in the shadow of a boy called Owie. Owie's imagination was greedy and corrupt. My own best at that time was an articulate piety, a throbbing cog of dedication in a community that cultivated disasters as other people do cacti or coloured fish. If anyone were blooded, blown up or entombed, I would be there, singing and collecting for them.

Owie never failed to tell me that this sort of philanthropy was strictly for suckers. He dangled before me the image of a fast, ruthless buck in a place where even a threepenny bit loomed as large as a chariot wheel, in a time not made for chariots. Owie was my Hyde, my cut-rate Mephistopheles.

His family were a peculiar lot. They were classically bereft, dauntlessly promiscuous. Within the ambit of three tiny rooms they played variations on the theme of fecklessness that would have foxed Jean Genet and silenced Schönberg. They had skulls of so frankly aberrant a cut they always looked as if they were

waiting for Havelock Ellis to call, and if he had they would have tapped him for a bob.

Owie hated them and every time he looked at them, at his mother engaged in some endless and futile bit of cleaning, at his father involved in an inscrutable craft called fretwork, the making of some private, wooden tomb, he would tell me that he and I would, through avarice and cunning, chisel our way out of this igloo if it was the last thing we did. I agreed. I could never see myself surviving any major manoeuvre of Owie's.

The first time that I won the first prize of sixpence in some Band of Hope joust, the coin was presented to me in a small satin bag and hung around my neck. On the way home, humming, happy, bemused by the impact of my first overt and public coup, I was highjacked and gravely clobbered. The thief was Owie. He confessed the next day and explained that he had done it only to prove to me that I was committing nothing less than hara-kiri squandering my golden gifts for peanuts.

With Owie I lived in a split and spinning world. He stood poised like a Viking against the ethic of my home. My family believed in a gusty spirituality, a gentle expression of face and tongue, a hatred of avarice and power. Owie was a self-dedicated puma and laughed in their faces. His instruments were a unique diapason of obscenity and a sharpening axe of greed.

In no time at all he had me swearing like the colliery ostlers, masters of a rousing, livid rhetoric meant to twist the will of the meaner sort of pit ponies. During meals I would slip out with expressions that bleached the beetroot and had my oldest brother, a deacon in training, fainting into his leak soup.

In our kitchen the ideal of voluntary social service was laid about me like a broom. Any interest in money, any talk of the need for more of it, and one was seized, censored, bathed and put instantly to bed. This stupefied Owie. He convinced me that if there were a world procession of suckers, I was at the head of it, carrying the banner.

At his urging I confronted my family and demanded that the tiny fee I received for the Saturday morning chores be doubled. By the time they finished clipping me around the head I was seeing Owie in triplicate and my conscience as a shamed and contemptible thing. For weeks I did my share of the week-end scrubbing and scouring for nothing. Owie stood at my side telling me what I would be getting for all this toil if I were working for a decent firm. I agreed with him. We waited for the family to troop out to their various pious assignments, then sat down to be continuously profane for fifteen minutes.

My family grew worried about Owie. They persuaded me to take him along to the Sunday school to see if some kind of simple moral lavage might make him less of a wretch. He came along. He listened with the kind of alert scepticism that would have made Voltaire seem a Holy Roller and caused the teacher to reach for his ooose every whipstitch. The only time that Owie ever asked the teacher to repeat a story the subject was Judas. The traitor and his betrayal for cash fascinated him, and he



**GWYN THOMAS**, author and playwright. In 1961, after 22 years of teaching, ceased to teach and ended a wind traffic between one who had never wished to tell and those who had never wished to know. Convinced that the witless of the world emerge periodically from the wings and demand a holiday from thought, but regrets that the witless seem to change faces and places from hour to hour.

Other contributors: Lord Manscroft, Malcolm Bradbury, Henry Cecil, H. F. Ellis and Claud Cockburn.

noded at me to take notice and heart. Of all the Biblical saga of hope, anguish and sacrifice, this was the only thing that made him smile and look as if he knew where he was.

The rest made not a grain of sense to him. He suggested that to break up the tedium we should loot the collection boxes. For two Sundays running he walked around the vestry, looking perceptive and predatory, casing the place for the coup. He was not in luck. Our chapel registered the smallest take in the history of breakaway sectarianism. Besides, what collection boxes there were were guarded by a posse of vigilant deacons. By comparison a bank vault would have been easy meat.

Owie compromised by removing from the vestry an ancient tea-urn. I was sure that lots of people saw Owie do this. But it seemed that these people had for years been half-poisoned by the produce of the urn and they would, at a pinch, have helped him carry it to the scrapyard. Owie gave me fourpence out of what he made. This might have been my first firm step to my first thousand of purely private gain.

But again I faltered. I had, through years of loud, teetotal revelling in the vestry, many cordial memories of that urn. I gave the fourpence to a needy widow, whose plight was currently chilling the spine of the village. From her I got a hearty embrace. From Owie a smile of devilish disdain which, as I recall it, can still chisel away whatever little sense of ease I might have been born with.

But Owie did not give up. He was not going to let me slip into a trough of unprofitable goodness. The jackpot was around somewhere and he was going to lay his and my hand on it if he had to tie me and drag me. He did that. My family tugged the other way. Each day the tug o' war went on. Each day I reassembled the bits of myself.

When we were about ten Owie, shortly to be followed by myself, went into the fruit business. He became the friend of a drunken fruiterer who, when the bite of despair took him, gave his stock of bananas to Owie. Owie toted them around the village in a basket, knocking on every door and introducing his bananas with such a look of revelation he could have been the first envoy sent back by Captain Cook to justify the opening up of the Pacific.

But Owie marched on. When he graduated into some or other flank of the firewood trade he handed the banana caper over to me and the traffic stopped dead in its tracks. I had to keep the activity secret from my family and this meant sidling up to doors, close to the wall, whispering to the clients and pointing at the basket. And this, as anyone will tell you, isn't the way to sell bananas.

Other things chimed in to knock me off as a fruit-hustler. A girl of unusually torpid mien in the village was said to have contracted sleeping sickness after eating a banana. Four witnesses came forward to say that the guilty fruit had come out of my



"How do you do it, Charlie? I'd be grateful for any hint."



Once upon a time, in a little cellar beneath our fair capital, there lived a man. Amidst stacks of notes he waited patiently for a certain day.



At last! The messenger came bearing the news he had been waiting so long for. Dorset Vaughan, the great playwright and novelist, had passed away.

basket. The drunken fruiterer found some fruit that cured his taste for drink, and he told me that if he found me vending any more fruit around the streets he would strap me to my basket and throw me into our local river, The Moody. Last, my oldest brother, the evangelical one, caught me at my hawking, forced me to cough up my profits, which amounted to six shillings and threepence, and made me send it as a donation to a missionary fund for the relief of eye-disease in Assam, together with a personal note from myself wishing the sufferers well. My oldest brother hated trade. He didn't even like bananas.

There were a few more flutters Mammomwards. Hot with wrath after that enforced donation to the afflicted of Asia, I listened with cure when Owie told me how he had made a few pounds from going around as a bogus collector for various missionary funds meant to ginger up humanity. He furnished me with a set of collection cards intended to relieve such things as yaws, illiteracy, trachoma and simple Godlessness.

Owie gave me a list of people in the village who hung out their compassion like a shingle. On them I called. The pence came in

briskly then stopped abruptly, as if all the banks on earth had at the same moment jumped on the neck of pity.

It seemed that a well-known local boy, a missionary in the Congo called Seithenyn Hamer, had been involved, in some early phase of his career, in the crimes of the late Leopold the Unloved of Belgium in his pursuit of rubber, cash and women. When I turned up with my cards I was denounced as an accomplice of Hamer and Leopold and driven away. That night a sage in the billiards-room of the Welfare Hall gave us an estimate of the loot collected by Leopold. Owie walked pensively down to the square and asked the policeman which way the Congo lay.

That same summer Owie tried to get me in tow in a quick money scheme on the sands at Barry Island. Fathers of families would take their teapot and crockery to the stall selling hot water and hire a tray to take the stuff down to the beach. A deposit of two shillings would be paid on the tray. Then as the families sat around bemused by tea and sun, we would wriggle among them like Pathans, lift the tray and collect the deposit.

That was the summer when Woolworth put unprescribed lenses on the market for sixpence. The voters took to spectacles as ardently as the Japanese. There was a great sharpening of vision and sensibility in general. The very first time I set fingers on a tray I was spotted. And if you have never been clobbered with a tray by a father of five, gross with ozone and eager for the refund of his deposit, you know nothing of violence.

A few curious irritations apart, Owie dropped from my life after that. My family took me by both ears and rushed me towards the Grammar School at the same speed, they told me, as Owie would be taken by life and rushed towards the devil.

I met him again three nights ago in a dim roadhouse bar. He was sharply dressed, dropped the names of great firms and the fun quarters of all the world's most throbbing cities. He had me feeling like a dwarfed and shabby villager.

In five minutes he had established that my ambitions were not merely asleep but snoring on a key that could be heard from one end of my native place to the other. I agreed with him that I faced with absolute calm the prospect of a penurious twilight at the end of my days. By the end of the evening he had persuaded me that the only way forward for me was a portfolio of diversified shares—his very phrase—and to die a hundred thousand pounds in debt. He would, he said, arrange both these things for me. I promised him to think about it.

With Owie back in my orbit, I might still make it.

## NEWSREADING AS OF NOW

by Angela Milne

... the Secketry of the Execkterive  
Said, adding: "Even Pry Ministers must live."  
Nole Coward, burgled, says the jools they took  
Included dimonds and his droring-book  
And someone's Ostin Cambridge parked outside.  
The oldest zebbra in the Zoo has died  
Biting the earliest Garry Cooper fan.  
Madame Tussords is melting Callaghan.  
Opening the trade fair Prohject Seven-Three,  
The Queen said: "It is living jography."  
The catering disspute's over.

That is all.

We hope we've sent you pedants up the wall.



course, we are getting oo," he added.

"It's not that," I said.

"No?" he said. "Still, it's a fact isn't it, that from time immemorial the old folks have found the conduct of the young offensive to a degree?"

I did not greatly relish this conference of greybeards. One is always ready, among one's coevals, to admit to advancing years; it is a different thing altogether to be dragged prematurely into the seventies at somebody else's heels.

"Because rash and sometimes mistaken judgments have been made in the past," I said, "it is surely unnecessary to abandon the right to be critical altogether? People keep dragging in Van Gogh. They also say there was a time when men who prided themselves on their delicate sensibilities thought it was all right to send six-year-olds down the mines. I do not care about Van Gogh. This had nothing to do with that couple being young, in any case. The thing was aesthetically repulsive in any generation. It was inhuman. It was fake, borrowed, second-hand. One sees it constantly on TV."

"The Athenians, I remember," he reflected, "used to think that the men

and women of Megara made rather too much of a good thing. The 'Megarian kiss' they called it."

"The whole procedure reminded me of a pigeon feeding its young," I said shortly, and took up my paper again.

"Though I never was able to discover how they did it," he went on. "The Megarians, that is. A pigeon feeding its young, did you say?"

He was inclining towards me now, his fingers interlocked across that bottle-green waistcoat. "Tell me about the way a pigeon feeds its young," he said.

Eager. Courteous, composed, and anxious to know. The picture he had of himself became clearer in my mind. A man of wide tolerance and understanding. Not one of your dried up old stick-in-the-muds, people said of him, but alert, in touch with the modern world, always ready to learn.

"It regurgitates," I said, raising my eyes from the water-otter in my bath, which was now prepared to make milk-bottle tops, given some Baco Aluminium Capping Strip. "They thrust their beaks—the whole business is rather disgusting. You may have seen it. It was on television, too. With the Duke of Edinburgh."

"The Duke of Edinburgh!" he re-

peated. "He gets about. All the same——"

"It was a Nature Week programme," I interrupted. "Animal life in cities and so on. The pigeons were incidental. Naturally the Duke of Edinburgh didn't——"

"Ah, nature," he said. "There's a thing. It's a question of striking a balance, wouldn't you say? Give and take. I was reading about heptachlor the other day."

"Oh, high finance," I said, hardly listening.

"Heptachlor," he said, amused. "Not Mister Clore! You go too fast for me, my boy. Now that was really a most interesting thing. Very interesting indeed."

There he sat, his white well-kept hands pressed flat against his knees, his small head a little on one side in an unpleasantly robin-like pose, waiting to be asked. He could impart information as well as receive it. Perhaps better. He had not after all pursued the details of pigeon feeding with any great determination. He knew hardly more about it than he knew, on his own admission, about a Megarian kiss. I was bluffed if I was going to ask him to tell me about heptachlor.

"I mean," said this advertisement I was looking at, "tell me more about your otter. What else can it do?" I felt myself receding rapidly into the past, and glad of it. Let the rest of them pester each other with questions, sane or zany, if it helped them to feel that they were eager, questing types, up-to-the-minute men. I preferred to grow old gracefully. I wanted no part of a world in which a natural distaste for a kiss more nearly resembling the grinding-in of valves than an enjoyable earnest of love could let me in for a discussion of heptachlor before we were well through Westbourne Park. I was in a mood to disapprove wholeheartedly, and without false shame, of almost everything. The answer given in my newspaper to this question about the damned water-otter was "Well, it plays chess"; and the strongest fit of revulsion I had felt since Paddington trapped me into raising my eyes once again from the paper.

"I know, I know," my companion said, nodding his old head with so great a wealth of sympathy and understanding, so tolerant an appreciation of both sides of the case, that I felt all but ready to feed a whole brood of pigeons. "Still, I suppose in a competitive world——"

"Tell me about heptachlor," I begged.



"There's no room for the small man these days, is there?"





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# THE CARIBBEAN FLAVOUR

by Neville Cardus

THE first vision, or notion, that comes to the mind as we think of West Indies cricket—I won't, on principle say "image"—is of joyful noise, a bat flailing the air, the ball whizzing here, there, everywhere, stumps flying, shining black faces, and mouths laughing white-toothed, like melons. Such a mental picture of a West Indian cricketer is presented many times by Rohan Babulal Kanhai, who often seems to have only one object in life—to hit a cricket ball for six into the crowd at square-leg, falling on his back after performing the great swinging hit—falling on the pitch flat as a fluke. The impetus of the hit, plus sheer animal gusto, brings him down to earth, but it is a triumphant fall.

Cricket is an organism much conditioned by environment. West Indies cricket many times tells that its exponents have learned the game, played it as boys, in hot sun; and played it, moreover, intuitively, in uninhibited company, the sun going into the brain and blood. In the beginning, the West Indian temperament ran riot. The pioneer discipline of George Challenor rationalised original impulse and sin, and tabulated a few necessary first principles and commandments concerning the virtues of reasonably straight bats and of patience. Today the conception of happy-go-lucky West Indian cricketers, bashing the ball all over the field, right and left, over after over, is entirely mistaken and illusory. Any visitor to Lord's the other Saturday morning, not knowing that West Indians were anywhere near the premises, could have watched the batting of Hunte and Carew and Butcher for hours, mistaking any one of these for any average English hard-working professional; colour of face excepted. West Indies have more than once, in a Test match, fallen behind England's rate of scoring; none the less, they have sent forth some personal glow and vitality causing the impression of livelier, more mobile combatants. The difference between the West Indies' approach to cricket, and the English on the whole is, as far as batting goes, this: when a West Indian batsman is confined

to scoreless defence both he, and the rest of us watching him, are surprised at this unfruitful behaviour. We wonder what has gone wrong. Whenever the everyday English batsman plays in this negative barren way, we are not surprised, we don't need to seek reasons for his inactivity and wariness; it is his natural way of playing the game. In his case, if he should hit a six, falling on his back, we should certainly wonder what was going wrong, technically and mentally.

The first creative raptures of West Indies cricket came to personal apotheosis in the flesh and spirit of Learie Constantine, now a man of title. He was coached by his father and by his mother. He soon developed into a cricketer in whose innermost being cricket and instinct to live became one and indivisible. He was the first and fullest representative West Indian cricketer. In all his movements, swift and apparently unpremeditated, he expressed the West Indian

temperament. His bowling was very fast—Jack Hobbs vowed that Constantine's freshest overs were as fast as, if not faster than, any of his experience. He used a bat as an exultant announcement of his own and his countrymen's physical abandon and disregard of all *bourgeois* decorum. Constantine's fielding also had the racial agility; he was three men in the slips, omnipresent, long armed and, surely, boneless. One day at Lord's, in the mid 1920s when West Indies cricket was still struggling to receive serious international attention, Constantine performed miracles, leading his colleagues out of a very bare wilderness. Against Middlesex, the West Indies were going down to defeat; Middlesex had amassed 352 for 6 (declared), and 5 West Indies wickets had fallen for 79. In came Constantine, and in one glorious ferocious hour he scored 86, then wrecked the Middlesex second innings by taking 7 wickets for 57, in a whirlwind of lightning bowling and flying splintered stumps. He then actually won the match by a blinding quick motion 103 in an hour. During all this West Indian explosion of creative cricket energy and genius, a visitor from Barbados arrived at Lord's. Clearly it was his first entrance to Lord's, in those days a place of some elegance. So this visitor from Barbados



"H.W. has asked me to call him H.W.!"

had come to Lord's dressed for the occasion. He wore a light-grey frock-coat, striped trousers, white spats and a grey topper. Also he carried a tightly rolled umbrella. He watched the game from the covered stand, then a place of social exclusiveness near the pavilion. He watched the West Indies' tribulations in undisguised dolour. But at the height of Constantine's brilliant resurgence, he rose from his seat in the enclosure of the select. Far away in the free seats at the Nursery-end a group of West Indians were cheering Constantine on. The immaculately adorned West Indian rushed from the select enclosure to the field and, waving his grey topper, he ran round the boundary towards the Nursery shouting to his compatriots there: "I've comin' to join you, I've comin'." He had seen, that afternoon, the prophecy of Constantine's cricket. He could hardly have foreseen, no matter how beatific his vision, that one day, which probably he would live to see, would hail a West Indies XI as World Champions.

Such eminence and renown have not come to West Indian cricket by happy-go-lucky *calypso* cricket. The general public in England has rather got a wrong impression of Sobers, Kanhai, Butcher, Hunte and company. Several West Indian cricketers in recent years have earned good money playing professionally in the leagues of Lancashire and other unromantic places, where no vain

swashbucklings are encouraged. Consequently the first sunshine raptures of Caribbean cricket have been—dare I say?—sobered. Hunte, Carew, Butcher, even Sobers himself, could easily graduate to any Lancashire XI of the Harry Makepeace epoch, when the order of the day was "No fours afore lunch; and not too many afore tea." West Indian cricket, in short, has evolved from a game to an *art*, observing, mainly, the discipline that is the basis of any art. A scherzo doesn't unbalance the most classical symphony and Kanhai's gyrations don't disturb the ensemble of West Indies cricket, as it is today assembled for Test match purposes.

Naturally enough, fast bowling is the main weapon of the West Indies attack in the field. Every West Indian fresh from the cradle tries to bowl fast. Long before the coming of Hall and Griffith there were not Constantine but Francis and another Griffith, each of them so fast that a batsman needed to pick up his bat smartly. I remember the earlier Griffith mainly because one golden evening at Lord's he was fielding near the wicket and received a terrific crack on the skull, from some batsman's hook-stroke. The impact of ball on skull echoed around Lord's. But Griffith merely shook his head twice before picking up the ball and returning it to the bowler. And all our sympathies went out to the ball.

The present-day West Indies fast bowlers are a formidable pair to look at. Hall, I am told, sometimes goes into action wearing a crucifix on his chest, slung there from a ribbon round his neck. For my own part, I should think that it's the batsman who needs the crucifix. I am reminded here of A. E. Knight, the old-time Leicestershire professional. He was religious-minded. Whenever he arrived at the wicket to bat, he would take guard then bend his head in silent prayer. One day Leicestershire were playing Lancashire, with Walter Brearley on the war-path, avid for wickets while the ball retained the shine. In came Knight, took guard then bent his head. Walter Brearley whispered to the adjacent Lancashire fieldsman: "What's the matter with him—is he ill?" "No," was the *sotto voce* answer, "no, he always does it—he's praying." "Praying for what?" asked Brearley. "Why, for divine guidance to a century," Brearley, red in the face as a lobster,



"Of course he wants England to win —he was born here, wasn't he!"

exploded: "I'll ruddy well write to the MCC about this!"

Hall and his crucifix, Griffith with his "suspect" action—here is attraction enough to draw to all cricket grounds all sorts and conditions of men and women, many of whom, judging by what I heard at Lord's the other day, wouldn't easily distinguish a no-ball from the pavilion cat. It is to be hoped, in all good humour, that there will be no organised hunt, off the field of play, after the "chucker." Let's leave it to the umpires. In any case, I can't believe that any fast bowler's arm can continue throwing and not soon go muscularly out of action. The law is quite clear on this "chucking" matter. The umpire is not obliged to announce positively that a bowler throws or jerks; he can "call" a suspect action if he is not entirely satisfied of the "absolute" fairness of the delivery. Decades ago the famous Ernest Jones of Australia—the man who sent a cricket ball whizzing through W. G. Grace's whiskers—was thought by certain purists to throw. In a match between New South Wales and South Australia (Ernest Jones's State), a young batsman was sent in first to join in opening the NSW innings. After two NSW wickets had fallen, M. A. Noble (one of Australia's greatest cricketers) arrived at the crease. The second or third ball to be received from Jones "came back" a foot from the off, at lightning speed, just missing the leg-stump. At the end of the over, Noble walked down the pitch to talk to the young novice at the other end. "Don't you think, son," he asked, "don't you



"Sir Alan Herbert warned us what might happen. Now there's a pirate oil-rig operating off the Humber."

think Jones is throwing one or two?" "Yes, sir," whispered the colt, "yes, sir, he is—but don't say anything about it; they might take him off." The young colt's name was Victor Trumper.

The present West Indies team is a mingling of all the cricketing talents. Every department of cricket's many skills is here on view; brilliant batsmen, dour batsmen, right-handed or left; fast bowlers, slow off spinners, again right-handed or left; slow left-handed spinners and the "googly." From watching these West Indians play cricket you could reconstruct the necessary elements and styles and techniques of the game if everyone of these requisites had somehow disappeared or got mislaid—as, in fact, many of them have got lost during the last years—first-class "googly" bowling for example. It is a remarkable fact that since West Indies cricket was baptised in Test company at Lord's in 1928, it has produced players fit to form a World XI, to play in some overworld a representative company of cricket immortals headed by "W.G." For example, Stollmeyer (the R. H. Spooner of West

Indies), Butcher, Headley, Worrell, Weekes, Walcott, Sobers, Constantine, Gibbs, Hall and Griffith. George Headley was one of the greatest batsmen of my acquaintance. On a bowler's wicket at Lord's he scored a century of such sure judgment and aim that if ever he edged a viciously spinning ball he did so with the edge's middle. When West Indies won a rubber against England for the first time in this country sixteen years ago, Worrell, Weekes and Walcott made history at the crease as they scored multitudinous runs. And Valentine and Ramadhin put a spell of spin on all of England's batsmen, one of the greatest of whom confessed to me that, facing Ramadhin, he hadn't a notion which direction the ball would take after pitching.

West Indies cricket has renewed the first-class game, notably in Test matches, at a time when some rejuvenating injection was urgently wanted. Cricket, in first-class circles, was getting old, satiated with performance and records. All the known or discoverable strokes had been seen; every trick of bowling had been exploited. The West Indies brought back

the first raptures, mingling the flush of adventure with the finest and most mature techniques. In captain Sobers alone, the West Indies can boast three brilliant exponents in one single ebullient personality: an accomplished batsman, a seam-bowler with the new ball, and a "googly" spinner. He is already acclaimed as the greatest all-round cricketer of our own post-Grace period. Personally I would name Wally Hammond for this title: still, Sobers is gifted and versatile enough. But of all the delights West Indies cricket has showered on us, the galvanism of Constantine, the quiet mastery of Headley, the tripartite genius and stroke-play of Worrell, Weekes and Walcott, the enchanted improvisations of Ramadhin and Valentine, none has excited and delighted me, sent me so eagerly on the tip-toe of expectation, as Kanhai, upright or flat on his back. We can only hope that prowess in Test cricket doesn't over-rationalise natural instinct in these West Indies cricketers. For all their acquired technical sophistications let there be some echo of the calypso to the end.



"Better book a space before garage repair charges rocket."

*Punch Artists in Profile*

**PATRICK SKENE CATLING**

*gives an outsider's view of*

# BILL TIDY

**B**ill Tidy comes on like a friendly wading bird, an unusually cheerful microcephalic ectomorph, tall, lean and angular. His alertly probing beakiness is the thin end of the wedge. One senses that behind the frivolously inconsequential speech there's a lot of sombre radical thought.

Artistically, he is a primitive. Much more than any imitative pavement artist, let alone any Royal Academician, Tidy is entitled to say of his drawings, "All My Own Work." Being self-taught is no guarantee of originality, but he is one of the few originals. Even though

his inspiration nowadays, according to him, comes mainly from the clichés of Press and television, he reflects the familiar with such imaginative directness that his cartoons are sometimes quite startlingly funny. Like the genial subversive in one of his preposterous comic strips, Tidy is the Pied Piper of clichés, leading the banal away from its normal environment into remote, bizarre situations. The ordinary achieves surrealistic effects when it echoes from a fanciful, exotic setting. For example a destitute Arab in a fez, speaking to Oxfam volunteers distributing striped scarves, asks with mad shrewdness, "Arsenal lost again did they?" Tidy's strength, and his weakness, is that he has no special theme of his own, no system. His method or no-method, is hilarious hit and puzzling miss. Fortunately, he is prolific, turning out as many as fifteen finished cartoons in a single day's work.

He is not at all arrogantly or reproachfully anti-academic, but he believes that formal art school training would have cramped his style. "I don't know how da Vinci and Michelangelo got away with it," he said recently, and I felt that I had to withhold protests in order to pass some sort of secret private exam. "God with a build like Tarzan!" Tidy said. "Great thighs and calves! I resent them probably because my own legs are like a sparrow's. I've got to see any two people with the same anatomies. Though we're all built on skeletons, I suppose." The afterthought of uniformity momentarily depressed him, and the subject of school was dropped.

I called on Tidy in his top-floor flat in Cavendish House, in Ainsdale, on the Lancashire coast north of Liverpool. Cavendish House is a small Victorian domestic castle, with twin turrets and red-tiled conical steeples that overlook a new suburban housing estate and distant sand-dunes. The house has a melancholy, almost ruinous,



*"Gentlemen . . . isolated units of the enemy have broken through."*



recent history: it was used successively as a mental home and RAF billets. There is a brick air-raid shelter in a garden of tangled weeds. The interior of the house is dimly grandiose on a medium scale. The two-storey hall is surmounted by ornate pillars, which have come in useful when Tidy has needed ecclesiastical props (Vicar, with bridegroom and best man ill at ease in morning dress in background: "I suppose the suit-hire firms do their best, but there'll never be another Chaplin."), though as a rule his drawings are not based on deliberate study of any kind. "I don't like reference work," he said. "I try to stay clear of Taj Mahal jokes."

When I arrived, Tidy was rolling up a long strip of red carpet, leaving the landing bare, as though preparing a republican demonstration for visiting royalty—flattering, I thought, in a negative way. He has done many amiably absurd cartoons of an anonymous royal family, in which he has suggested, like a poor man's Firbank, that there may be vain and silly thoughts in some crowned heads. But on this occasion Tidy was only getting ready to move to a smaller, more convenient house of his own, nearby in Birkdale. He was already becoming nostalgic for Cavendish House, which gratified his sense of individuality and doom. "I like a little air of decay, something a bit creaky," he said. "I'm very fond of looking for insects. I like taking Sylvia [his nearly-five-year-old daughter] around the garden lifting stones." He now consoles himself that their new home is situated in "a prehistoric settlement, with no Roman remains."

In a characteristically Northern manner, Bill Tidy speaks of authority with outspoken irreverence and of his intimates with decent reticence. "My father was a sailor," he said. "I haven't seen him since I was a child. I was brought up in an off-licence in Liverpool, a real Godfrey Winn story. My old lady was a very good sort. When I was a toddler, I used to keep badgering my mother for drawing paper and pencils, and she always used to give them to me, though sometimes, I know, things were difficult."

Tidy met his wife, Rosa, when she was working as an au pair girl for the owner of a small English airline. "I usually go down to London by train," he said, "but this time, for some reason, I was going down to a Cartoonists Club dinner, I decided to fly. Rosa was sitting in the next seat in the plane. She spoke very little English, but we succeeded in exchanging telephone numbers, and one thing led to another." The chance

encounter was a most fortunate one, and Mrs. Tidy is building their children into two extraordinarily happy spaghetti giants.

Tidy borrows his daughter's Gay Hours paint-box, made in Hong Kong, when he decides to transform one of his black-and-white cartoons into something more elaborate. "I scrub away at the small, gritty blocks of paint until the bristles spread out in all directions, and wonder why I'm doing it." Colour doesn't interest him much, not even colour TV. "What's the point of it?" he asked, "except that it'll save the announcer from saying that one team has plum jerseys." Tidy is a devoted soccer fan, "an avid, bottle-throwing, toilet-roll-swinging Evertonian," who supports his team as if it were a revolutionary movement. "I don't know anything about in-trends until about two years after they happen," he said. "That's one of the things about living up here. You're shielded from overnight fashions—but I've still got my hula hoop, mind."

**BILL TIDY**—Born in Tranmere, Cheshire, October 9, 1933. Educated at St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool. Served voluntarily in the Army from 1952 to 1955, part of the time in Korea. Returned to Liverpool to work as an artist in an advertising agency. Freelance cartoonist since 1955. Married in 1960, he now lives with his wife, daughter and son in Birkdale, Lancashire.





## Disenchanted Evening

**Clement Freud spends a night gun-running**

THERE is an old Army saying that a rifle is a soldier's best friend; I am not sure that my rifle and I ever had that intimate rapport that existed between other military men. It was issued to me at Maryhill Barracks in Glasgow the day I joined up. A heavy, metal filled, oak-cased weapon with a webbing strap stretching from butt to a point down the barrel. Where other objects have a tag displaying approval on the part of the Council of Industrial Design, this thing had a label bearing a number—which would have had one believe that the Army numbers its rifles starting at Bannockburn; mine had three letters and nine digits.

I remember asking the armourer when he issued it to me whether I might have one with prettier graining; I don't remember his actual reply but it was in the negative.

In my initial training I learnt to raise the rifle to my shoulders, lower it near—and as often as not on to—my right boot. I was also taught to present it, which involved a number of jerky movements and replace it on my shoulder, which involved some more. I was instructed in how to trail it, stand it at ease . . . at about which time I was posted to a regiment in Northern Ireland.

Here a sergeant told us that as we were now in a rifle regiment we might as well forget all that we had learnt about arms drill. "This," he said "is the way of doing it." Being in the Army we did it. We learnt unexpected and exciting ways of getting the rifle butt to land on our boots, and of slinging it around our bodies. We pulled oily pieces of rag through the barrels, blanched the straps, polished the buckles.

We took our rifles on to the parade ground in the morning, into the canteen for elevenses, back on to the square. Away to lunch we went, and off for a long afternoon walk which was called a march though I seem to recall no music.

And then one autumn afternoon, I lost it.

It is quite absurd to ask where did I lose it; had I known, it would still have been with me. The point is that on the parade ground that morning I definitely had it, because if I had not I would have noticed; and I vaguely remembered carrying it on its walk; I couldn't recall whether or not I had left it at a halt on the

march, in the canteen after the march or in the Medical Inspection room after that (I was excused boots by the psychiatrist).

Now in life if you lose anything you go up to someone and say excuse me, I've lost something, I wonder whether you have found it? Or you go and tell the police, or offer a reward for its return in *The Times*. This is a perfectly normal way of going about an everyday occurrence, but it is not like that in the Army.

To begin with, once you have sworn allegiance to King and Country, it becomes illegal to lose things, especially firearms, and they have rules and regulations that set down punishments for people who do so. For losing a rifle I think it was a court martial resulting in an automatic stretch of several months in the comparative discomfort of a military prison.

I was not a particularly good soldier but my sixteen weeks in the Army had taught me one or two things—like, to salute anything that moved, to paint anything that did not and to trust no one; what you might call the essentials of service life. I returned to my Nissen hut, outwardly cheerful, inwardly exceedingly apprehensive about how to escape from my just desserts.

As we were in Northern Ireland and the real enemy was across the border, firearms were locked nightly in a rifle rack. This rack was secured by a padlock, the key of which was kept in a toolbox by the door.

That evening I devised a plan.

The worst thing in the services I reasoned is to be the odd man out: the only man in the platoon to have a double-barrelled name, the one living liberal, or in my case, the sole Ulster Rifleman without a rifle. As I couldn't get my rifle back I decided that the one way to regain normality and become "one of us" was to see that all my fellow soldiers shared my predicament . . . riflelessness.

Twenty-eight of us slept in a hut and, fortunately for the exercise I had in mind, I occupied a lower bunk. I lay there until I was reasonably certain that everyone was asleep, at which point I embarked on one of the longer and less enchanting nights of my life.

I have not kept up with Army fashion since my demobilisation and it may well be that the basic soldier of today is issued with Harris tweed pyjamas, lambs wool slippers and a Paisley dressing gown. In my day soldiers slept in pants and shirts—and I slept in a nightshirt that had belonged to my grandfather. I did this because I disliked sleeping in khaki shirts, because my grandmother would have been disappointed had I done so and because at that time there was much talk of looking through the platoons for "officer material" and I felt that grandfather's silk night-shirts might just give me the edge.

It had never, up to that time, occurred to me what a splendid garment for concealing weapons is a nightshirt. (In fact it amazes me week after week to see that *Rat Catchers* and *Danger Man* manage without them.)

So there I lay, opposite a rack of twenty-seven rifles, my twenty-seven comrades-with-arms snoring variously around me.

On my first outing, I crawled to the toolbox, cleaned my left



**CLEMENT FREUD**—Restaurantier/journalist. Educated inter alia Dorchester Hotel kitchens and Ulster Rifles. Married, five children, lives in London, Suffolk and Hebrides, where he is writing a culinary autobiography called "Scrambled Egg." Owns slow racehorses and is food and beverage consultant to Playhouse Clubs.

Other contributors: Stephen Potter, Patrick Ryan, Drusilla Beyfus and Patrick Kitchener.



gaiter in case anyone was awake (they might then have announced their sleeplessness by some remark like "wherefore are you cleaning your left gaiter at 1 am?") for we were a well-spoken body of men) and got hold of the key. No one stirred. I slipped the key into my sock (Savile Row had nothing on me) and alighted off to the outside latrine.

On my return I lay beside the rack, unlocked the padlock, withdrew the iron bar that was threaded through the trigger housings and returned to bed. As I saw it I now had five hours before dawn in which to remove the rifles from the hut through an assortment of sentries patrolling the camp—to whom a man in socks and nightshirt carrying twenty-seven firearms might well have seemed a suspicious character. I determined to carry out the exercise in two stages. First a baker's dozen of visits to the latrine to get the weapons out of the hut, then a rapid distribution thereof around the surrounding countryside. I completed the first part of the operation in an hour. At five minute intervals I would crawl to the rafterack, feed two cold rifles into my night-shirt, stand up, walk stiffly—as if there were any other way to walk—to the outside latrine, and return to my bunk. By 3 am stage one was completed, the latrine looked like a shooting gallery before the customers arrived and I lay back to formulate the second part of the operation. I decided that the safest way was to get fully dressed and pretend to be on guard duty—though

on consideration I did this without boots. It was not so much that I was excused boots as the noise . . .

Between 3 am and 5 am I moved on stockinged feet from latrine to selected sites throughout the camp, two rifles sloped over my left shoulder, another trailed in my right hand.

I threw rifles into a stream, heaved them over the barrack walls, buried them in the mud on the playing fields, left a couple outside the Naafi and put a small cache just inside the door of the Officers' Mess.

As dawn broke I returned to my Nissen hut, rinsed out my tell tale socks, resumed grandfather's nightshirt and snatched a troubled hour's sleep.

I was woken by cries of "Call out the guard"; "fetch the commanding officer" and "nobody leave their beds."

It transpired that during the night an IRA detachment of desperadoes had somehow got into our hut and made off with the platoon's firearms—three Sligomen among us were under grave suspicion but were eventually exonerated.

Throughout the day rifles kept turning up until by teatime there were only two that were eventually written off as "missing, believed stolen by the IRA"; a Board of Inquiry sat on the matter for some days and took a lot of evidence.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the whole business was that my rifle was one of the very first to turn up.



"At least there was no confusion between the sexes in those days."



## FLEET STREET

by Francis Williams

EVEN though the British have a much more avid appetite for newsprint than Americans, the latest newspaper news from New York is such as to cause a chill in Fleet Street. New Yorkers have had their choice of newspapers reduced from six to three by the current newspaper strike. They now have only one full text paper, the *New York Times*, one tabloid, the *Daily News*, and one afternoon paper, the *Post*. They are not only bearing up under this bereavement, but, according to Henry Brandon in the *Sunday Times*, show every indication of not caring one little bit. I can well believe this. I was in New York during the last newspaper strike when there weren't any newspapers at all. But, apart from the speakers at a Conference I was attending who saw no chance of their golden words being reported, no one seemed to bother very much then either. A few eggheads complained. But the general idea seemed to be that so long as there was radio and television, it was OK by them. I do not think newspapers would be missed so little here—although it might not do either proprietors or staffs any harm to brood on the possibility. And I am glad to say that even in New York on that earlier occasion, once the strike was settled and the newspapers came back, they seemed to be welcomed. On this occasion, however, there seems to be doubt both whether the three newspapers closed down by the strike can survive unless it quickly ends and whether there will be much of a public waiting for them if they do. They are the *Herald Tribune*, the *World Telegram* and the *Journal American*. Already John Hay Whitney, one time US Ambassador here, the publisher of the *Herald Tribune*, has declared that if the strike is not settled soon, the paper may never appear again. His statement seems to have produced little or no response from strikers or readers. Yet the *Herald Tribune* was, in its day, one of the great newspapers not only of America but of the world.

Its currently vulnerable position is due not only to the strike which has closed it down for over a month but the conditions leading up to this strike. Some of them have a significance which spreads far beyond New York and have a good deal of relevance in Britain too. They may have even more if either *The Times* or the *Guardian* begins to pull too far ahead of the other in their currently

intensified rivalry. That is why well-wishers of quality journalism must hope they will keep pace with each other.

The *Herald Tribune* has been for years the standard-bearer of American Republicanism, but with a liberal tinge. It has had a galaxy of brilliant foreign correspondents and even more brilliant columnists, headed by Walter Lippman. It is not long since it could be talked of in the same breath, or almost the same breath, as the *New York Times*. This was still the case in the immediate post-war years. One of America's most famous newspaper families then still owned it, the Ogden Reids. By the time the war ended Ogden Reid himself had, it is true, ceased to contribute much to it beyond general benevolence. He was a pleasant host and a boon companion to many. But he left intellectual exercise and concern for public affairs to his wife, the formidable and attractive Helen Rogers Reid. I remember once arranging a lunch for the two of them with Mr. Attlee, then Prime Minister. Mr. Attlee, a traditionalist in such matters, kept the conversation general during the meal, postponing more political matters until the port appeared. At this point Mrs. Attlee rose and delicately shepherded Mrs. Reid to the drawing-room. Mr. Attlee had forgotten that I had warned him that it was Helen Reid who would ask all the questions. Or perhaps he had remembered. Ogden Reid, I think, enjoyed the port. But not much else. When we finally joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Helen Reid, although clearly charmed by her hostess, seemed in a considerable state of frustration. However, she could do no more than surrender gracefully when the Prime Minister told her how much he had enjoyed meeting her but now unfortu-

nately he must be off to a meeting in the Cabinet room. She did, however, hiss at me as she went "You British!" She was not often put off what she wanted. In her own country she dealt ruthlessly with politicians while running her husband's newspaper with skill and flair.

When her husband died, it passed, however, out of her hands into those of her sons. They did not possess her character or talent. The gap between it and the *New York Times* widened. In 1958 it was sold to John Hay Whitney who saw it as a springboard for political influence when he returned home from London. Since then he has put much capital and a good deal of energy into it. He has reorganised its news services and given it a new look, while keeping the columnists, special writers, and theatre and book criticism that had long given it prestige. But he has not been able to make it pay. This is why a production merger with the *World Telegram* and the *Journal American* to allow economies in plant and personnel, while leaving each editorial independence, was negotiated. The current, perhaps fatal, strike arises from this. But in fact the *Herald Tribune* is the victim of what appears to be an insatiable law of newspaper economics. This is as applicable here as it is in the States. It is that wherever two newspapers compete in the same area of circulation, whether it is a geographic area or one of class or general readership interest, if one of them gets much ahead of the other in circulation the second runner is likely to die. And this although it may have a circulation that in other circumstances would assure it of a prosperous future. To run second is almost invariably to suffer a continuous decline in advertising revenue—even where circulation and readership appeal might seem attractive. One British example of this, among several, was the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*. This closed down three years ago with a circulation of over 250,000—two and a half times the average circulation of provincial evening papers. This, on the surface, handsome position was entirely offset by the fact that it was running consistently second to the *Manchester Evening News* in the same circulation area. This secondary position led to such a decline in advertising revenue that at the end it was operating at a loss of more than £300,000 a year, although newspapers with much less than half its circulation were making handsome profits elsewhere. It is this newspaper law that is now operating against the *New York Herald Tribune*, just as it could again become a factor here. The fact that the *Herald Tribune* was formerly a near competitor of the *New York Times* for very much the same type of readership has now become its biggest liability. In the newspaper business there are no prizes for those who come second, whatever their merits.



"Sorry, but our first coloured Police Constable won't be on actual duty for ages, what with press and TV interviews, lecture tours, personal appearances..."



# 'CRIMPLENE' SCORES ON SKIS

Janet went ski-ing in Jan. I've been trying to change the subject ever since. In the end she took me off to dry ski run at Crystal Palace. Very slippery slope they have there. Suspect intended show me up. Began regret having set self up authority slalom as got out of control. Luckily, wearing club jacket in 'Crimplene', stayed smooth, uncrumpled, cut sporting figure as hurtled to destruction. And *she* could jolly well wash it after.

CLUB JACKET IN 'CRIMPLENE' BY KILSPINDIE FIVE COLOUR VARIATIONS ABOUT 5 GNS.



## Men who have arrived, arrive in the Princess with the Rolls-Royce engine.

It is not so surprising that successful men should choose the Vanden Plas Princess R. They are demanding people, and in this beautiful car they find the highest skills of the coach-builder and the engineer perfectly matched.

The body is by Vanden Plas, and there is luxury in every detail: real walnut fascia and window sills, carefully matched hides on the fully reclining front seats.

Deep carpets and special sound-proofing create a car whose silence at 100 mph could be the envy of many other cars at half that speed.

The engine is by Rolls-Royce. It is a 4-litre 6-cylinder unit and develops 175 BHP to give the car a velvet 110 mph top speed. The legendary smoothness of a Rolls-Royce engine is matched by the Borg-Warner automatic gearbox, and Hydrotec power-assisted

steering completes a fine car which has no equal at its price.

Test drive the Princess R yourself. Your Vanden Plas dealer will be happy to arrange it.

The Princess R £1,995.63 tax paid.

Backed by BMC Service—Express, Expert, Everywhere.

Vanden Plas (England) 1923 Limited, Sales Division: Longbridge, Birmingham, Ontario Business: BMC Export Sales Limited, Birmingham and Piccadilly London W.1.



The British Motor Corporation Limited



# INFORMED MOTORING

by

Basil Boothroyd

I HOPE you all benefited last week-end from the RAC's latest press release, issued "in time for Whitsun, harbinger of the summer motoring season." It gave valuable advice on avoiding car-sickness and quoted no less an authority than "a Club spokesman" for the warning that holiday motoring "can be completely ruined if a passenger is sick." Among the many well-thought-out tips was one suggesting that children should not be fed during the journey on "sticky chocolate and pastries."

It cannot be easy to keep up a continuous stream of information and guidance in this way, and I know that there are some regular recipients of these news sheets who think that the PR departments of motoring organisations must eventually find that all the ground has been covered. I am glad of the opportunity to put any such fears at rest. After sixty-seven years of service "to the motorist and the nation"—as the RAC's printed heading puts it—there are no signs that the fund of good things is nearing exhaustion. A Club spokesman tells me that full directions about how to get into a small car without knocking your hat off are already printing, shortly to be followed by detailed hints on keeping a bottle of milk upright during an emergency dash to the dairy. "We have to look well ahead," he told me. "Our Christmas handouts are now in the advanced planning stage, and we hope that one of them may lead to a new safety breakthrough in advising on the dangers of sloppy parking by late Communicants. Another reminds drivers that their booters may not be heard in the vicinity of mechanically reproduced carol-singing."

But there are seven long months before Christmas, harbinger of the winter laying-up season, and RAC PR men meet daily to pool their ideas and ensure no falling-off in their high standards of service to the motorist and the nation. Among news-

sheet subjects already in the pipeline are: Recommendations on map-folding techniques.

Ideal ingredients for home-made glue to secure licence-holders to the screen. Periodic wheel counts. A missing wheel makes the car difficult to handle at speed, and considerably increases fuel consumption.

Prompt closure of the sunshine roof if rain starts to fall. (Failure to do this can allow water to enter the vehicle, with consequent wetting of passengers.)

Inadvisability of driving with a door open, which places a strain on the

hinges not provided for by the manufacturer.

Function of the steering-wheel.

How to start the engine.

Not all suggestions for handouts are accepted. At a recent meeting, for example, it was decided after full discussion to reject ideas on How to Ask the Way, Washleather Care and Maintenance, and Detecting a Puncture.

"As far as possible," said the spokesman, "we encourage our members to think for themselves. Any other course would result in a waste of time and paper."

## Sympathetic Figures

The Human Statistics Faculty of the new Lea Valley University has been investigating Sympathy-Apportionment in a weighted sample of the population and, the purpose of the exercise, has published the results in the *Journal of Marginal Research*. Reaction to various sympathy-objects is rated on a scale from  $\frac{1}{10}$  to 10. Where there is no perceptible sympathy, this is recorded as Nil.

Further studies will break down the totals to find significant variations by locality and class. And when that has been done, there will be plenty of equally rewarding projects coming up. Some of the findings are set out below.

South Vietnamese Peasants	10	Persons Committed for Contempt by Vacation Judges	$\frac{1}{10}$
North Vietnamese Peasants	5	... Unless newlyweds, when	10
Abyssinians with war wounds dating from the Italian invasion	$\frac{1}{10}$	Old Age Pensioners whose homes are demolished for new motorways	2*
Families impoverished by the Bulgarian Atrocities	$\frac{1}{10}$	Guitarists forcibly haircut by schools	10
Totally disabled survivors of the Somme	2	Inhabitants, at relevant date, of Coventry, Dresden, Guernica, Hamburg, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Mission Stations in the Congo, Saigon, Hanoi and Little Rock	1
The Deaf	2	Recruits bullied by NCOs	$\frac{1}{10}$
The Photogenic Deaf	3	Drunken drivers	$\frac{1}{10}$
Prisoners in Spain	5	Agricultural labourers—Country	6
Prisoners in Russia	3	—Town	1
Prisoners in Nicaragua	$\frac{1}{10}$	Overworked Cabinet Ministers	$\frac{1}{10}$
Teenage Psychopaths	5	Hospital Nurses	10
Victims of Teenage Psychopaths	1	Hospital Sisters	$\frac{1}{10}$
Pools Winners faced with Deracination	4	Politicians	Nil
Polish Exiles who fought with Allies in War	$\frac{1}{10}$		
Southern Irish Loyalists	$\frac{1}{10}$		

\* with a decline of half a point for each day elapsing after reading the news

† except among jurors, when 10



## SELLING WITH MOTHER

by  
Anthony Chalmers

ONE mid-winter night when we were staying in Frankfurt, Tollitson, the export manager, succeeded in opening the double windows of his hotel bedroom. The resulting incursion of icy air caused a number of radiators in the building to over-heat: some discharged water over the floor, others awoke sleeping guests by emitting sudden, fierce gusts of steam or by giving off piercing shrieks or the noise of police whistles. We learned all this at the reception desk when the management made a complaint. It was all a formality because we only had two more appointments in Frankfurt and were leaving later in the day.

So we went out into the deep, soft snow and the cars floated past us and between us, as if in a dream.

Together we walked to the Magyar cafe, where we had to meet Herr Enkel, our Company's German agent. We saw his huge figure, bulky as a commissar in a massive overcoat, sitting in the window. But his big, apple-red face lacked its normal geniality. His features looked pinched and pale. He greeted us with a limp hand, and we sat down.

"We've got Stampfigger first, haven't we?" said Tollitson. "How far is his office?"

"It will take us five minutes," said Enkel.

We were all tense. Both that day's meetings could prove vitally important to our European sales drive.

We ordered coffee, and Enkel finished

the large brandy he had on the table in front of him. He drank without relish, and set the glass down with a visibly shaking hand.

"Feeling off colour?" Tollitson asked him.

"It is nothing really," said Enkel, and fluttered a hand.

"It may never happen," said Tollitson. Enkel began to smile. Then, suddenly, all the flabby defences of his face collapsed.

"My mother is leaving me," he sobbed.

"Your mother?" said Tollitson, in surprise.

Plump tears ran out of the corners of Enkel's eyes.

"Seventeen years we are together, just we two. Now she leaves."

"But where on earth is she going?" exclaimed Tollitson.

"She goes to live with a man," said Enkel. His face twisted with grief. He took a white handkerchief of immense size from his pocket, wiped his eyes and messily blew his nose.

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Tollitson, looking shocked and embarrassed. He fiddled with his coffee spoon and then got up to go.

As we walked out, Tollitson tapped Enkel in reassuring fashion on the upper arm.

"Try not to think about it till we're through this business, eh?"

"Don't worry. I will use the control," whispered Enkel.

Stampfigger was a man of huge

physique, with short, iron-grey hair and greyish-white skin. His office was extensive, with mahogany furniture in the finest Third Reich style. After brief introductions, Tollitson began his full sales spiel, beginning with our Company's background and then dealing with our products one by one. He was talking about the new, silent XB hair dryer, the "Hush-a-Dry," when there was an extraordinary gasping sound in the room. It came from Enkel.

We all looked at him. Shining tears were once more coursing down his cheeks.

Tollitson pursed his lips irritably and began to continue his demonstration of the hair dryer. But Stampfigger lifted a hand to silence him and rose slowly to his feet.

"You are in pain, Herr Enkel?" he asked, with surprising concern.

"It is nothing," said Enkel. "Please forgive me."

Stampfigger rang through to his secretary.

"Bring one glass of cognac for Herr Enkel, please," he said.

He walked over to Enkel.

"It is nothing. My mother is leaving me, and will perhaps get married again. It is a great shock," said Enkel.

"Your mother? This is tragic news. You have my sympathy."

Stampfigger walked to the window.

"What dearer thing in the world is there than a mother?" he said, gravely.

"It is so. It is so," said Enkel.

"Do you not agree, Herr Tollitson?" said Stampfliger.

Tollitson was still holding the pink, plastic grip-handle of the "Hush-a-Dry." This philosophic turn in the meeting seemed to leave him somewhat at a loss.

"I suppose you're right," he said.

"My mother," said Stampfliger, walking back to his desk, "is seventy-six years. A fine woman with a beautiful life. Beautiful. And strong hands."

When Enkel had finished his brandy, Tollitson coughed and said:

"Now I'd like to carry on and tell you about the four-position thermostatic heat control which you see here."

Stampfliger broke in. In firm tones he said:

"Pardon my interrupting you, Herr Tollitson. But I am sure Herr Enkel wishes to return home. So let us conclude our business at once."

He went on to place the largest order for "Hush-a-Drys" we had ever received.

"I hope you soon have good news," he said to Enkel, as we left the office.

Tollitson was so thunderstruck that he did not speak a word as we went down in the lift. In the street, he turned to Enkel and said:

"I expect you've got things to do. Why don't you meet us outside Voss's office at five to three?"

"Very well, Herr Tollitson. I am so sorry," said Enkel.

His fin-like ears glowed purple in a flash of winter sunshine and he trudged away.

Voss turned out to be a small, spectacled man with a duelling scar the length of one cheek. Unlike Stampfliger, who had adopted a detached manner, Voss insisted on examining and testing all our samples.

Things did not go too well for us that afternoon.

When Voss tried the "Hush-a-Dry," he found it produced a blast of hot air when switched to "Cold," and vice versa; while the mechanism, far from being silent, made a harsh, racketting noise, so that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak.

"There's a slight electrical fault there," shouted Tollitson.

"Electric fault—bad workmanship," cried Voss, struggling with the on-off switch.

Next the pop-up mechanism of the new electric wall toaster jammed. When

Tollitson succeeded in releasing it, a loose nut was expelled violently across the room.

"You want to kill people!" cried Voss. "What is this rubbish you are selling me? English rubbish!"

A minute later Voss was called out of the room by his secretary.

Tollitson turned at once to Enkel.

"You don't think there's any chance," he said, "that you might cry?"

"Cry?" muttered Enkel.

"Like you did this morning."

"What do you mean? How can I do that?"

Enkel's face looked utterly bewildered.

"For God's sake, make an effort," said Tollitson. "It's the only chance we've got."

When Voss returned, Enkel waited a moment or two, then gave a loud gulp and

began a somewhat forced and convulsive snivelling.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" said Voss.

"Our colleague, Herr Enkel," said Tollitson, in tones of bland compassion, "has suffered a severe shock today. It is his mother."

"His mother?" said Voss.

"She is leaving him to get married."

"After seventeen years we are together," added Enkel.

Irritation mingled on Voss's face with a kind of nostalgia.

"That is sad news, of course," he said.

"There is nothing in the world so dear as a mother," said Tollitson, seriously.

"True. When I think of my own . . ."

said Voss.

He paused.

"She is eighty-two this week. And still



"What I like about you, Peterkin, is that your political satire is inept."

she bakes her own bread and digs her own garden."

Before we left him, Voss went so far as to place a small order for electric-toothbrushes.

On the stairs, Tollitson turned to Enkl.

"You know, this mother of yours," he said, "could turn out to be far and away the best sales plus we have."

## NATURE TAKES THE WRONG TURNING

by

Daniel Pettward

THE failure of inscrutable Moscow-based An-An to reach even the leering and nudging stage in the first round of his courtship with Kensington's capricious, Courrèges-styled Chi-Chi was just another sign that the animal kingdom—especially when uprooted from its native stamping-grounds and hemmed in by humans—is tending more and more to get its basic instincts tangled.

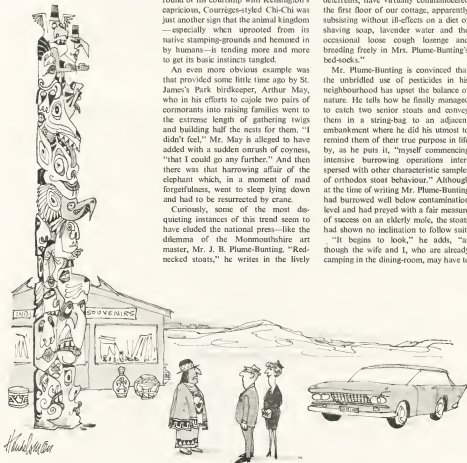
An even more obvious example was that provided some little time ago by St. James's Park birdkeeper, Arthur May, who in his efforts to cajole two pairs of cormorants into raising families went to the extreme length of gathering twigs and building half the nests for them. "I didn't feel," Mr. May is alleged to have added with a sudden onrush of coyness, "that I could go any further." And then there was that harrowing affair of the elephant which, in a moment of mad forgetfulness, went to sleep lying down and had to be resurrected by crane.

Curiously, some of the most disquieting instances of this trend seem to have eluded the national press—like the dilemma of the Monmouthshire art master, Mr. J. B. Plume-Bunting. "Red-necked stoats," he writes in the lively

columns of *Vermin News and Views*, "having learnt how to unlatch my lattice windows and side-step traps and other deterrents, have virtually commandeered the first floor of our cottage, apparently subsisting without ill-effects on a diet of shaving soap, lavender water and the occasional loose cough lozenge and breeding freely in Mrs. Plume-Bunting's bed-socks."

Mr. Plume-Bunting is convinced that the unbridled use of pesticides in his neighbourhood has upset the balance of nature. He tells how he finally managed to catch two senior stoats and convey them in a string-bag to an adjacent embankment where he did his utmost to remind them of their true purpose in life by, as he puts it, "myself commencing intensive burrowing operations interspersed with other characteristic samples of orthodox stoat behaviour." Although at the time of writing Mr. Plume-Bunting had burrowed well below contamination level and had preyed with a fair measure of success on an elderly mole, the stoats had shown no inclination to follow suit.

"It begins to look," he adds, "as though the wife and I, who are already camping in the dining-room, may have to



"I can also sell you a roof rack."



relinquish our home altogether and take up residence in the burrow, which I have to admit is beginning to exercise a fatal fascination over me." A photograph shows Mr. Plume-Bunting—a sprig of what could well be contaminated ground-sel clasped between his rather prominent front teeth—posing in the burrow's newly completed Nursery Wing. Two lightly tethered stoats in the foreground are making little attempt to conceal their amusement.

Meanwhile, near Clackherbert aerodrome, it has been found that sheep which have been subjected since birth to the continual roar of aircraft have failed to catch a single word of what their mothers have been trying to tell them. Transferred to quieter areas, they have been found to be totally bereft of baas, though local children claim to have watched some of the animals communicating with each other by means of an ingenious sign language involving the use of the front feet and, every so often, the ears. There is also a well-substantiated report that four-month-old ewe-lambs, lately moved to fresh grazing in the Nidd valley, sent members of Sodworthy Baptist Spring Outing party scampering for cover when they gambolled up from behind making sounds reminiscent of a Boeing 707 developing tail-spin. Interviewed at Runway Farm, Mr. Duncan Stumblewigg, the lambs' owner, is thought to have bellowed; "It's too early to say what effect this is likely to have on the quality of the wool."

Women, too, have had their share of these upsetting experiences. Imogen Lady Croop, for instance, returned to her Shropshire home from North Pogoland, where her son is High Commissioner, with two Slab-tailed Djuba birds (Selwyn and Cilla) which were a parting gift from the President. In their native quagmires Slab-tailed Djuba-birds are, if anything, inclined to be overlinging. Since their arrival at Croop Hall, however, the only occasion on which Cilla acquired anything approaching a glint in her good eye was when a midget hovercraft undergoing tests (with Lady Croop's gracious permission) on the ornamental lake got out of control and had to be destroyed. What is more, the version of the famous Djuba Nuptial Dance currently being offered by Selwyn is so watered down that witnesses have described it as "not much improvement on a slow foxtrot." With the help of reference books and



lantern-slides and with an old Art Nouveau fire-screen held behind her as she crouches almost double Lady Croop has been gamely attempting to master the authentic sequences of the dance in the hopes of passing them on to Selwyn, but up to now—although a reporter on the *Tidbury and Gallstone Echo* became so affected that he had to be put under sedation—Selwyn has refused to pay the slightest attention.

Almost equally poignant is the tale which has reached me from Middle Waddlington. For the past three years at nesting-time, anything up to half a dozen pairs of green woodpeckers, resisting all attempts to unseat them, have clamped themselves to the exposed outlet pipes of Mrs. Enid Trampleasure's ultra-modern maisonette "Heart o' the Glade' Happyville Housing Estate" and applied themselves in shifts to tapping away at the metal. Mrs. Trampleasure (whose three children have never seen trees actually growing) has described the resulting *manique concrète* as "sheer Bedlam"; and

when, as occasionally occurs, a pipe is actually penetrated the inconvenience is "beyond a joke."

The local RSPCA Inspector points out that Mrs. Trampleasure's distress is as nothing compared with that of the wretched birds which, in addition to finding their beaks blunted or pointing in bizarre directions, may have to lay and hatch their eggs in topless and bottomless apertures liable to be deluged at any moment with used bathwater and worse. He is unamused—as who would not be?—by the Widow Trampleasure's cry: "Why peck on us?"

#### Next Wednesday's Punch

My First Two Guineaes—  
HENRY CECIL

DISENCHANTED EVENING—  
Patrick Skene Catling

GIBRALTAR: the Solution

## In the City



### Seamen to the Rescue

DYNAMIC has a flavour of dynamite and dynamism, powerful things once, with powerful names that a traditional craft like journalism is loth to give up. Yet it is not simply Fleet Street's respect for past greatness that has kept this overworked adjective alive: it has become dynamic itself, flavoured now with the contrast between statics and dynamics which the social sciences, especially economics, all tend to adopt as soon as there is enough theory to let in a differential equation: dynamic nowadays means something like accommodating or adaptable, in the special sense of one who is positively eager to accommodate or adapt himself to change, and is particularly popular with young executives in firms whose technology is changing fast. The word is not popular in old, family-controlled industries like shipping which are paying out now what they once gained from their investment in free trade, feel that their backs are against the wall, must fight hard against every demand for better wages or working conditions, and see no drastic change ahead of them but extinction. Shipping as a whole earns a smaller return on its capital than any British industry but shipbuilding, which earns nothing; its

own offer, let alone the settlement which—long strike or not—is bound to emerge, will eat heavily into its remaining profits; there is no room and no money here, apparently, for dynamic young men.

But the National Union of Seamen, come to life at last after years of respectful torpor, is out for change drastic enough to shock the industry into a new point of view. The shipowners are deceiving themselves if they suppose that the Government—which is only concerned with what our foreign creditors think—is backing their resistance to the seamen's demand for better wages and working conditions. Whatever the outcome of an especially meaningless and expensive strike, they will have to pay a good deal more for their labour in the future, and they know it. Passenger liners, which can compete against the airlines only by offering service galore, will have to pass on the cost as best they can; cargo vessels will now be forced, like factories ashore, to choose between closing down and investing heavily in labour-saving equipment. The seamen are showing through a technological change which the shipowners themselves would never have introduced voluntarily.

Shipping has reached a crisis: competition is international and free, for the trade which has not already been absorbed by the national lines of countries anxious to relieve the invisible strain on their balance of payments, and higher costs cannot be passed on. So far as tankers are concerned, it has been found possible to produce larger and larger ships without much increase in the size of the accompanying crew; specialised bulk-carriers of other sorts, too, will not be much affected by a rise in wages. The problem is to produce a general-cargo ship that substitutes capital for labour in loading and discharging as well as in

manning—one that will spend most of its time in actual transport of freight rather than waste half of it, as most do at present, tied up in port.

Containerisation, therefore, is the thing of the future—the transport of manufactured goods as well as raw materials in large, standard-size containers which can be quickly trundled by crane between lorry, tram and ship. The idea is already flourishing inside the US, and US shipping lines have taken to it quickly enough to force our own into competition: P & O, British & Commonwealth, Alfred Holt and Furness Withy have formed Overseas Containers; Ben Line, Cunard, Ellerman, Blue Star and Harrison have formed Associated Container Transportation. The capital cost of building up a stock of containers to be held at different depots and of ships specially designed to carry them will be very great; it involves a good deal of risk capital for the companies concerned and an international effort by governments to encourage the more efficient movement of trade. But the seamen's strike will help to push our livelier shipping lines, and our Government, into dynamic thinking about the possibility of basic change and of profits to justify the new capital which is being regularly ploughed back into regular ships.

Containerisation is still a gleam in an American's eye: the seamen's strike, like previous strikes of the dockers, is a reminder of old mistrust. The wisest investment is probably Transport Development Group, which covers the whole transport field at home and may eventually link with overseas shipping: it yields nearly four and a half per cent on its own merits and can only gain from the possibility of a row about precedence between Mr. Crossman and Mrs. Castle.

— LOMBARD LANE

## In the Country



### The Menace of Oil

THE local police sergeant rang me up to tell me he had just been banded in a rare bird—*bird* he pronounced it. He wanted to know what to feed it on as it had a spade-shaped beak and web feet. The size of a big starling, he said, and in a bad way. I suggested the right place for the sick creature was with the "crudity-men" as the RSPCA is usually referred to in this part of the country.

The sergeant, who is a bit of an ornithologist himself, wanted me to see the casualty before he handed it over to the suggested official. To attempt to identify a bird over the telephone is no easy task. It is a problem I am not unfamiliar with. I have grown cagey. From the sergeant's description I wondered whether his bird might be a little auk. A few of which are sometimes blown off course along the north-east of England. In the event, the bird, in a bad way, proved to be a juvenile puffin with dried oil on its body which made it in appearance nearly black. It would certainly not survive.

The fact is that once a bird is oiled there is little chance of recovery. Oil is an accumulative substance and especially on the plumage of a bird, it is diabolically difficult to get rid of. A detergent helps but this can reduce the natural oil in the feathers which has to be replaced by salad oil. Although the outward appearance of an oiled bird is bad enough it is as frequently the oil ingested

by the individual which is the killer. The menace of oil to birds around our coasts does not seem to be diminishing. This plague of glutinous, black, liquid hydrocarbon seems to spring up periodically in patches all along our shores. The marine birds are nearly always the main sufferers and the divers are frequent casualties. Last week-end in a walk of a mile along the north-east coast I found a fulmar, a shag, a puffin, two guillemots and a red-throated diver. They were all long dead. The beach was strewn with gobbets of oil from the size of a football to that of a pea. It looks as if we are a long way yet from being able to eradicate this menace of our coastal waters, and now that vast plans are on foot to perforate the bed of the North Sea with a mass of pock marks in search of more oil one cannot help wondering what the result may be in terms of avian suffering. The oil explorers will certainly assure us that there will be no escape of hydrocarbon matter, but can they guarantee it?

— HENRY TEGNER



"Lady prime ministers!"

## TELEVISION

by Monica Furlong

"HE'S a sprite," remarked Beatrice Webb of Bernard Shaw, "and you can't fall in love with a sprite." Which is as good a way as any of summing up Shaw's inability to make a deep and satisfying relationship with a woman. With a coldness which had in itself, perhaps, a touch of pathology, we were taken solemnly through the list of Shaw's women in *Shaw and Women* (BBC 1). It was the kind of documentary programme I like least. I found Shaw neither funny nor sad, neither cruel nor touching, neither shocking nor brave (and at times he was all of these things). With a misplaced attempt at objectivity and freedom from bias, it turned out to be an inhuman exercise, knowing or guessing everything but what mattered—the emotions which made Shaw's private life a failure.

I despise this kind of muck-raking around the lives of talented men (and it is none the less muck-raking for appearing in the BBC's Sunday evening high-brow spot) as I despise the erstwhile friends of Somerset Maugham who have rushed forward to tell all; not because

the details are not interesting, or because the sins described are very alarming, but because it is all done without love, without any sense of the achievements or stature of the people described; done too without any tenderness for the vulnerable places so clumsily explored. Shaw's memories of his mother's early neglect of him, of which he spoke with so much pain to his friends, and which are clearly the key to his subsequent attitude to women, received hobnail boot treatment. What on earth is the object of this sort of exercise? To put us all through a commando course to destroy our sensitivities. It makes me want to vomit.

To move to more cheerful subjects. **Not Only . . . But Also** has been translated, as they say of bishops (though Cook and Moore are, of course, a pair of escaped nuns) to BBC 1, and that underwater sequence was as good as ever, while the fight sequence, on the night of the Clay/Cooper fight, was better than ever. My only regret is that the characterisations have now hardened to the point where there are few surprises. I love Dud and Pete. Cook's silly ass on television, and Moore's silly ass of an aristocrat, but they have such a ridiculous quantity of talent between them that one longs to see them try out new ideas. Cook, in particular, makes me feel that I have never really looked

at the human race before, and that this has been my loss.

Karin Fernald also has this quality, or had at least in *The Diary of Mr. Casson* in the Knock on Any Door series. This play was a brisk, sophisticated comedy by Michael Pertwee with a good performance by Robert Lang (though I wish he didn't look so much like Robert Robinson; it is muddling to us constant viewers).

I am amazed and delighted by the kind of actress who really can capture some of the freshness and hopefulness of extreme youth. A couple of old Deanna Durbin films on BBC have roused a few bats and stirred some dust in the attics of my own youth. Trying to remember those films I had imagined they must be the purest corn. Far from it. The situations are witty, the songs as true, her eyes as mistily, romantically happy as I remembered. Perhaps it is just that I am more of a marshmallow than I was as a teenager. Whatever the reason, there was a moment when Franchot Tone turned up during an aria from *Turandot* and the two of them realised they were in love without a word spoken and rushed into one another's arms all dotty with happiness (you get the picture), when I would have given away the entire works of Antonioni as a swop. This clearly won't do, and I'll try to be more astringent in my next.

## CINEMA

by Richard Mallett

IT'S obvious that *Inside Daisy Clover* (Director: Robert Mulligan) has been severely cut—indeed, *chopped*: at one point the background music seems to stop short in the middle of a phrase, and at least one scene I have read of in an American review is no longer there at all. This is the sort of thing that can happen when the "front office" is dubious about a film's popular appeal, and it works in a vicious spiral: something is cut because they're afraid the majority won't get it, and the result is that even the minority find the film just that much less attractive.

But even as it is, this is enjoyable and very well worth seeing. It is an object-lesson in how interesting and entertaining something with comparatively little "plot" or action can be made. For a considerable time at the opening of the film *Daisy Clover* (Natalie Wood) is by herself on the Panavision screen. It is her fifteenth birthday (astonishing how quickly Miss Wood makes one forget her real age) and she is mooning about by herself on the almost-deserted amusement pier at Angel Beach, California, in August, 1936. She lives in a trailer near by with her half-witted old mother, The Dealer ("She plays a lot of cards"), her father having left them seven years ago. She wanders into a coin-in-the-slot recording booth and makes a record of a song, she sits and dreams and smokes a cigarette, she scrawls on the side of a hut an insult to her elder sister—and Charles Lang's colour photography makes all this perpetually interesting and attractive to watch.

She sends the record to a Hollywood studio at what happens to be a lucky moment, is given a screen test, and quickly becomes a song-and-dance star; but although in essentials built on the favourite old formula of the Cinderella story, this is in effect no such thing. It casts a very cold eye indeed on the formula, showing how easy it is for the Cinderella concerned to be unhappy. This may have been one reason for the distributors' apparent distrust of the picture's commercial chances, and another may have been that it parodies some of the old conventions and so, by implication, ridicules the commercially important filmgoers who like them. All over the country there are people who would still like and approve the style of the little film made about Daisy when it has been decreed that she shall get the full star publicity treatment, which has her (with the help of Special Effects) dancing from point to twinkling point of light over a dark screen in a way quite redolent of 1937.

Miss Wood is excellent as Daisy, and Christopher Plummer beautifully unctu-

ous as Raymond Swan, the smooth film tycoon who tries to coach her in conventional behaviour, rehearsing her before she meets the press, and later turning nasty when she proves to be a bad investment. Ruth Gordon gives a striking, sometimes touchingly comic portrait of the dotty old mother.

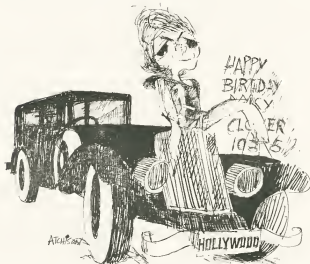
But the picture's greatest strength is in the atmosphere of certain set-piece scenes. Simple enough in outline, the early one of Daisy's interview with Swan in the huge dark echoing studio is highly evocative. Brilliantly done too is a long complicated scene in which she breaks down after several attempts to synchronise a song with her screen picture. And there is great variety of visual pleasure, from the predominantly blue-keyed scenes by the sea at the beginning to such imaginatively-composed shots as that of her tiny figure sitting in a green-tufted expanse of Arizona desert. I wish I could have seen the film before it was mutilated, but I liked it.

It's too long since I read the book, but I hardly think it offered any excuse for such extravagantly whimsical treatment as has been given to the film *The Wrong Box* (Director: Bryan Forbes). To be sure, by our standards the Victorians were insufferably pompous and long-winded; but to rub the fact in over and over again, piling up examples of various other Victorian phenomena that even people with no sense of humour have now grasped it is correct to laugh at, is to invite not laughter but irritation.

It seems to me that the whole thing

would have been infinitely more effective done almost straight, with only a suggestion of tongue-in-cheek self-consciousness. This—and I think the script is the trouble (by Larry Gelbart and Burt Shevelove, "suggested by" the Stevenson-Osbourne story)—puts one in mind of an old Ealing comedy very much exaggerated, with all concerned waggishly intent on being very, very funny. Even then, they can't leave it alone: it has to be interrupted at intervals by burlesque silent-film subtitles, as for instance "The Girl He Worships From Afar" when Michael Finabury (Michael Caine) looks out of the window at Julia (Nanette Newman) . . . Although later, towards the end, as the tangled confusion of the climax is being built up, one of these titles is actually *necessary*—to explain with no facetiousness at all that the wild chase involving two heares, a brewer's dray, other vehicles and crowds of people including Salvation Army ladies and some policemen has been joined by "A Real Funeral Procession."

The best of this is in some of the detail of the character performances—Wilfrid Lawson as an old butler on the point of dissolution, Ralph Richardson as a really self-delighting bore, Peter Sellers as the venal doctor, remembering to wash his hands according to the principles of Lister but then wiping them on one of his innumerable cats—and in the odd good line, like the remark of a train-driver to his fireman as they are recovering after a spectacular head-on train collision: "We haven't heard the last of this."



NATALIE WOOD as Daisy Clover in *Inside Daisy Clover*

# Booking Office



## Battles Long Ago

by KINGSLEY MARTIN

**The Kerensky Memoirs** Alexander Kerensky Cassell 42/-

For a short time Kerensky found himself the centre of great events. He lost out in the struggle, became an exile, and has never been able to reconcile himself to the fact that history will never do him justice. The truth must be admitted that though he was virtually ruler of Russia between February and November 1917, we are surprised to know that he is still alive, and not keen to listen again to his oft-told story of other people's treachery and his own defeat. He longs, even now, to convince us that Lenin was not merely a defeatist but a German agent, and that the Kornilov revolt was responsible for the Bolshevik's success just when he, Kerensky, was pulling the country together and defeating their peace propaganda. He would have us believe that under his rule, once the Tsar was dethroned and popular liberties enacted, Russia was on its way to become a successful social democracy. But he does not for a moment convince us that the hungry soldiers of Russia, asked often to fight without rifles or shoes, could have been persuaded to go on fighting or that it would have been a good thing if they had been.

Only very rarely do we get a glimpse of the Russian front in these memoirs. He tells us that he was known as the "persuader-in-chief," and no one doubts that he was eloquent and sincere. He admits that the change in mood after his visits was "generally short-lived," and in one passage we get a glimpse of the state of mind of these poor, neglected and butchered peasants, drafted for a war which they did not remotely understand. The general who was taking Kerensky round pointed to a man who was, he thought, a Bolshevik agitator. This young soldier was saying that he and his comrades were told to fight against the Germans so that the peasants can have land. "But what's the use of peasants getting land," he asked, "if I'm killed and get no land?" Kerensky continues:

I could see he was not a Bolshevik agitator but just a village lad who was voicing aloud what his comrades were thinking. That was his strength, and

no logical argument would have won him over. Without really knowing what I was about to do, I slowly walked over to the lad, who began trembling from head to foot. I stopped a few feet away from him, half turned to the general, and said, "Have this fellow sent back to his village at once. Let his fellow-villagers know that we don't need cowards in the Russian army." Then, most unexpectedly, the trembling soldier fell flat on his face in a dead faint. Several days later I received a request from the regimental commander that the order be cancelled, since the soldier in question had reformed and was now a paragon of discipline.

Peace, as Lenin has said, was proclaimed by the peasants with their feet. They preferred to walk home rather than to fight. They hanged their landlords instead of lying out in the snow and being shot. This was the perfect moment for Lenin's doctrine of "revolutionary defeatism" and from then on the Germans made every use of Bolshevik propaganda. The Bolsheviks were too optimistic in assuming that revolution in Russia would mean revolution everywhere. It did, however, have a revolu-

tionary effect on the German proletariat and, in the light of subsequent events, it is surely obvious that one of the tragedies of 1918 was that the Allies aborted the German revolution.

No such thoughts occur to Kerensky. He is angry with the Allies for not re-instating a liberal democracy in Russia and does not discuss whether that was ever possible. His mind is set within the Russia he loved and, for a brief period, ruled. In exile, he was never able to get away from self-justification or to imagine that he might have been wrong in trying to persuade his countrymen to continue the war.

To an astonishing extent Kerensky displays himself as exactly the person whom history believes him to be—a liberal who willy-nilly prepared the way for Communism. He is a brave man, who understood what a disaster to Russia the Tsar, and still more the Tsarina, presented. He gives a fascinating account of an interview with the Tsar under house arrest, and remarks, "From his youth he had been brought up to believe that his welfare and the welfare of the country were one and the same thing, so that 'disloyal' workmen, peasants and students, who were shot down, executed or exiled, seemed to him mere monsters and outcasts of humanity who must be destroyed for the sake of the country and his 'faithful subjects.'". Kerensky welcomed the end of Tsarist autocracy and saw that the democratic movement could not be stopped. He was incapable of thinking any further than this or of understanding the objectives of people who wished to change the economic basis of Russian society. His successors were often bloody-minded, cruel and stupid. But there is not the slightest sign in the five hundred and fifty pages of Kerensky's memoirs that he ever began to understand that "his Russia," as he calls it, its honour and glory and its traditions, were not necessarily the final or most hopeful Russia of the future.



"I'm collecting material for a book, actually."

## New Novels by R. G. G. PRICE

**Desolation Angels** Jack Kerouac *André Deutsch* 30/-

**The Solid Mandala** Patrick White *Eyre and Spottiswoode* 25/-

**The Beginners** Dan Jacobson *Weidenfeld and Nicolson* 30/-

Mr. Kerouac's novels often seem to be slices cut from an endless fabric, autobiography chopped into lengths. They are self-intoxicated, wordy, loosely ecstatic and full of noisy trumpeting about the delights of a delinquent existence built round drugs, drink, aleaziness and the rejection of duty and they ought to be terrible; but they aren't. Seymour Krim's shrewd introduction brings out clearly what they have meant to his own generation and also the importance to Mr. Kerouac of taking a fresh step, a step (though he leaves this implicit) into a fully adult world.

*Desolation Angels*, which covers the period after the fire-watching in the Rockies described in *The Dharma Bums*, the period when *On the Road* was written, is the same mixture of travel and parties and poetry and Buddhism. It includes a trip to North Africa and Europe. Where it differs from the work of its inspiration, Henry Miller, is in awareness of environment. Miller talks about himself, and his partners in sex and the rooms in different towns where he performs have very little independent existence. Kerouac, though apparently starting from his own sensations, is in love with the wonder of the world. His books are full of people, if sometimes rather empty ones, and of landscape. You can attack him for formlessness, for superficiality, for silliness, for writing highbrow novels aimed at a lower middlebrow public, and yet there he still is and there is the United States, far more solidly present

than in the average ambitious novel about novelists and their women on a campus. Kerouac doesn't stay in one spot long enough to make it turn on a page, like Kipling's India; but he may do. His Zen is sometimes a bit of a bore; but so is Borrow's philology. The kind of criticism he has attracted is rather like the dismissive sneers that have beclouded Borrow. It is true that the Borrow cult in its day was as preposterous as the beatnik cult has been. But both Borrow and Kerouac have the kind of obstinate vitality that can make the most unpromising material work.

*The Solid Mandala* takes a bit of ploughing through. Usually the power and the lightning-vividness of Mr. White's episodes have carried the stodge and the highfalutin'. This time a short story theme is, not inflated, nothing as airy as that, but diluted. Twins, one cold, silly and fairly normal, the other warm but a defective, grow up amid various carefully selected aspects of Australian society. Their relationship is tragic, pitiable and symbolic. The story is told in flashbacks and I kept losing interest in it. In the past, Mr. White, like Dreiser, has had a force that has enabled him to break out of his limitations of diction and taste. It has not worked this time. Still, whatever one may think of any particular novel, Mr. White is the Australian Thomas Wolfe, and in some ways the Australian James Hanley. He is inescapably massive and even his near-misses have to be read.

*The Beginners* is also a plump, ambitious novel, though its ambitions are extensive, whereas *The Solid Mandala*'s are intensive. Through a panorama of South African Jewish life it tries to present a vast sweep of twentieth-century

political and social history. There are scenes in pioneer Palestine and in arty London; but its centre is Johannesburg. Apart from names that bob up from a hundred pages back and take a moment to place, it is very readable and the milieu is fresh and interesting. It is a decent, fair-minded book and far more concerned than the average Jewish family chronicle. If I can't keep some slight reservation out of my tone, that is a tribute to Mr. Jacobson's reputation as a highly respected literary critic and short story writer. Despite the intensity with which the novelist feels the various dilemmas of the Jew—caught between Black and White, Palestinian and Arab, tradition and questioning—the novel is rather a jogtrot and the writing lacks urgency and colour. I was expecting more.

## SPACE TIME by B. A. YOUNG

**The Crystal World** J. G. Ballard *Cape* 21/- A ram one. The world begins to turn into bright coloured crystals (I'm sure I've met this before somewhere—M. P. Shiel, perhaps). The scientific exploration of this involves anti-time—cf. anti-matter—and is the sheerest nonsense; but the story deals exclusively with the reactions of men to the new phenomenon and is exciting and literate. Mr. Ballard seems to be turning his back on SF and moving on to a pleasing poetic fantasy.

**The Watch Below** James White *Whiting and Whiston* 18/- Exciting, convincing account of the fate of a ship's crew who survive for years under water, and the simultaneous journey of an alien vessel through outer space. Particularly good in the ship. Strongly recommended.

**October the First is Too Late** Fred Hoyle *Heinemann* 18/- Time goes mad and different parts of the earth find themselves in different ages, from ancient Greece to AD 8000. Little attempt at scientific explanation or justification of the necessarily consequent anomalies; just straightforward adventure. The hero is alleged to be a modern composer but seems curiously ignorant about music. Beta minus, Professor, I'm afraid.

**The Anything Box** Zenna Henderson *Gollancz* 18/- Miss Henderson has one of the more individual voices in main-stream SF. These are almost all sentimental bits about children, fantastic rather than scientific; of their kind (not, I confess, always my kind) they are very well done.

**Best SF Six** Ed. Edmund Crispin *Faber* 18/- Mr. Crispin's collections are far the best of the many anthologies that flood the market. Fourteen stories without a dud, led by my current favourite of all SF stories, James Blish's piece about the synthetic Richard Strauss built by "mind-sculptors" in AD 2161.

**Star Fourteen** Ed. Frederik Pohl *Whiting and Whiston* 21/- This is another exceptional anthology, not so much for its quality as its exoticism; there's only one story in it I remember having encountered before. Strictly for relaxation, but a decent bunch on the whole; and incidentally a nice job of book-production that does credit to this new publisher.



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## BRASS MONKEYS

**The Broken Wing** David Divine *Hutchinson* 45/-

Anybody who likes to see the men at the top shown up for the narrow, intolerant, selfish, out-of-date, incompetent danderheads that they are should enjoy this book. Service chiefs and ministers are a particularly palatable target, because when they err, in wartime, men's lives are forfeit, the nation's safety is imperilled, and the reader's indrawn breath as he learns of their brassbound prejudices and crass ineptitude has a fine hiss of indignation about it.

Mr. Divine here lines up against a wall pretty nearly all those responsible for the higher direction of the organisation, armament and strategy of the flying arm, from the earliest days of the RFC to well beyond 1966, and shoots them. It is a formidable attack, with the emphasis on what the author regards as an utterly misguided and pig-headed devotion to bombing as a means of waging and winning wars. Trenchard emerges as top villain, but the Air Ministry as a body runs him very close. The whole book, and particularly the large section of it devoted to "The Origins of Air War," up to the end of World War I, is intensely interesting and exciting. As to whether it makes its case, whether it persuades the lay reader, that is another matter. That many decisions of staggering stupidity were made, that inter-service rivalry too often obscures the national interest, one accepts. But the conviction grows, as one follows the author through to his highly disgruntled conclusion about our air policy in the Age of Missiles, that this is a far from dispassionate inquiry. Even an Air Ministry can hardly be quite so awful all the time.

Mr. Divine has already had a brisk crack at Whitehall in *The Blunted Sword* (1964). Stand by, around 1968, to weigh *The Rusty Anchor*. — H. R. ELLIS

## LOST YOUTH

**Journey to the Frontier** Peter Stansky and William Abrahams *Constable* 30/-

Cambridge men in late middle age will sigh over this book and, reckoning it up on rheumatic fingers, discover that John Cornford, had he lived, would now be past fifty, and Julian Bell not far off sixty. It seems impossible to believe, somehow, epitomising as they did in their different ways the blundering, passionate certainties of youth.

Both were born into the intellectual purple. Bell was the son of Vanessa and Clive Bell, nephew of Virginia Woolf and grandson of Leslie Stephen; Cornford was the son of Frances and Francis, poet and classical scholar respectively,

and great-grandson of Charles Darwin. Bell, seven years older, is the more frivolous, the more inclined to sip and savour, joke and saunter on to the next object of interest. Cornford, born in 1915, is the more dedicated, single-minded and formidable. For him the pure milk of Marxist-Leninist dogma is the only stuff capable of quenching the fires raised by the Fascist Beasts. ("How's the work going?" a fellow-undergraduate asked him. "Oh fine. Fine. An absolutely first-class meeting at Huntingdon last night." "No, I meant for the Tripos." "Oh that. I haven't time for that." He got his First all the same.)

For both the Spanish tragedy of the mid-thirties took on the aspect of a Holy War—as it did for so many of their contemporaries. Bell was as eager as Cornford to take his side against the reactionaries and to campaign, if not for the Red Front, then at any rate for the Popular Front. Both were killed, Cornford in the battle for Lopera in December 1936, Bell at the Battle of Brunete in July 1937.

Peter Stansky and William Abrahams, Americans both, have imagined themselves, and read themselves, wonderfully well into the spirit of Cambridge undergraduate life as it was in those days. I think though that their book might have been even better than it is if they had surveyed the scene on a wider front and not concentrated so exclusively on the biographies of these two. It seems unlikely that Cornford would ever have had much time for anything except the Party (although he wrote one fine poem, "Heart of the heartless world"), and Bell, endearing and intelligent though he was, didn't really ever show any signs of coming up to the Bloomsbury high water mark in terms of achievement.

— DAVID WILLIAMS



"Just take a seat, sir, he won't keep you waiting longer than he considers necessary."

## BATTLES WITH THE DEAD

**A Case of Human Bondage** Beverley Nichols *Secker and Warburg* 21/-

Mr. Nichols announces his book as "the refutation of a libel upon a dead woman," and gives us less than two hundred pages based on his memories and extracts from the diary he kept in the mid-twenties, when he was a young man, and friendly (if that is the precise word) with the Somerset Maugham. The publication in America of Maugham's *Looking Back*, which has not been published over here, fired Mr. Nichols to defend the lady in the case.

Maugham described his wife in this book as "a harlot, a thief, a vulgarian, a sponge, and a fool"; Mr. Nichols presents her as faithful, loving, hurt and brave. Might she not have been all the lot? We are often told that human nature is complex. In any case, the defence strikes an ordinary reader as muddled. It does not make its point.

But the readability! The mastery, clutching, irresistible, boa-constrictor-like readability! Here is "Noël in great form and played 'Parisian Pierrot' after dinner"; here are white and crystal rooms, and forgotten lovelies and charmers, and everything that calls to our low taste for gossip about the naughty, famous, lucky rich. Oh (as we used to say) boy oh boy oh boy.

— STELLA GIBBONS

## STONES AND WORDS

**The World of Archaeology** Edited by C. W. Ceram *Thames and Hudson* 42/-

Mr. Ceram has followed his popular books on the history of archaeology with an anthology of autobiographical passages by the great excavators and decipherers, together with a few unclassifiable delights. It makes an oddish volume but a varied and often entertaining one, provided one has a minimal framework to begin with. Many of the early diggers seem to have been Consuls; the study of ancient history became professionalised only slowly. Perhaps, as dons get increasingly burdened with committee work and grant-hunting, the antiquaries will have to come from some new leisure class, whatever that may be. Pools winners?

One of the innumerable points of interest is the way in which the recovery of the past has been patchy because of political restrictions on access to sites. The safeguard seems to be to persuade newish, nationalist governments of the value of remains to the tourist trade. A big omission from this collection is India after the impact of Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

— LEWIS BATES



## For Women

# Guardians of the Rock

by MARY MACK

"KEEP your head with Pepi, Helen, and never speak of Gibraltar unless he mentions it."

The situation for me is extremely delicate and confused—an American daughter, a Spanish son-in-law, myself English, and living in Spain.

"It's your baby, not mine," said Helen, "but I'll back you up."

"I shall not argue at all, count me out."

"What has come over you, mother? Pepi loves to argue."

"I feel too passionately; who knows, I might be disagreeable? I stand by you on Vietnam and De Gaulle. I leave Gib, to you."

"But you fought fiercely in the Middle West, how come?"

I raised my head like an old war horse, sniffing memories of battle. America Firsters, Isolationists, the Chicago Tribune, Daughters of the Revolution, ravaging round, traducing England, India, war debts, pulling England's chestnuts out of the fire, deplorable attitudes to Royalty. I sighed.

"You can take it as axiomatic, Helen, that if you have English blood, or now, even American, and live abroad, if you have foreign entanglements."

"Pepi," said Helen.

"Exactly, you are in for trouble. Far safer to live at home and avoid unpleasantness. It ranges from the burning of

embassies to fearful arguments in the midnight watches. I hoped to relax in Spain, to lie in the sun, and now Gibraltar raises its head. The trumpet calls, and you must answer."

"I guess," said Helen, "it's concerned with the Treaty of Utrecht."

I regarded her with pride, very scholarly, argumentative, and political to her finger-tips.

"I can advise you, dear. Know your facts, and keep cool whatever Pepi says. Remember the Spanish are not like the nicest Americans, deeply attached to England. For my sake your father mastered the intricacies of war debts. He concealed the statistics, straight from the Brookings Institute, in his waistcoat, and confounded ignorance and prejudice all over Chicago. With reliable facts, Helen, you can annihilate anyone."

But my daughter's blood has been diluted, an American degree has made her overly objective, has weakened her.

"England is not always right, mother," she said.

"As near right as makes no difference," I replied, "but Pepi will not recognise this. Nice as he is, he covets British territory. You must counter swiftly with history. Admiral Rooke, the siege, and so on. In Chicago I kept Fifty Facts on India in my handbag, and whipped them out at a moment's notice. I once broke up

a dinner party on war debts. I even burst into tears. It did no good. No. Gibraltar will be defended as of old, by calm courage and sheer endurance."

"Oh," sighed Helen, "I wish I could remember all the clauses of the Treaty of Utrecht."

"No blame to you, dear, with four children. I will investigate it all at the British Institute."

"OK, maybe this arrangement is better. When we both shout together in English, it irks Pepi."

"If he wishes to avoid argument he need not bring up Gibraltar. Yesterday, at comida, he made a very nasty allusion to smuggling. I ignored it, and expressed the hope that many English tourists would enjoy Spain as usual this summer. Also I asked him to tell me about the Spanish possessions in Africa. I fancy he got the point."

"My line," said Helen, "is the Self-Determination of Peoples. He doesn't answer."

"Remember Helen, that the Latin—above all men, likes charm in his women. The self-determination of peoples, how, ever admirable, is a difficult, a slightly heavy approach. It might antagonise. State your opinions and statistics as lightly and attractively as possible."

"Not possible," said Helen, "The Treaty of Utrecht..."

"I will look it up," I said hastily. "I will burrow in the archives even as they burrowed through the tunnels of the Rock to bring up the guns. I must, however, be an underground support. I am older, and I lean on Pepi. He assists me at the bank, drives me round Madrid, corrects my Spanish, purchases my sherry. A great deal is at stake. He is proud, and I might very well beat him in argument. Defending one rock I should lose another. You as his wife must go carefully. I, as his mother-in-law, must not go at all."

Active service, for me, alas, is over.





My Spanish is too poor, my audience too small. Actually I only have three Spanish friends, la Condesa, Piliuca, her cousin, and the Porter.

How kind the Condesa has been since I rented from her! Aristocratic and urbane, though not speaking a word of English, she has often invited me to merienda, cakes and tea, bows and smiles. The occasion is extremely silent. I could not break the silence with Gibraltar.

Piliuca teaches me Spanish. With her I conjugate verbs. She corrects any vulgarity of speech. I lip the purest Castilian—about a hundred words, mostly concerned with the kitchen and shopping. "Cook this," "I desire that," "The pen of my father is at the house of my cousin," "Tenemos Gibraltar." It would never do, out of context and with no kind of explanation.

The porter, like Pepi, stands behind me, and knows nothing beyond Madrid. He cleans the car, mends fuses, and I tip him regularly. If he heard of Gibraltar he would concede it.

Meanwhile, in intervals of research, controversy raging above me, and Pepi skimming round the Rock, I shall maintain a gentle and patient attitude, aloof and silent. This will astonish him, but also, being generous, he will respect my withdrawal. Poor Pepi! Little does he know the propaganda I am pouring on his children, the subversion I am conducting, the ideas I am introducing. They will be ineffaceable. They cluster round me for my English sagas, virtuous and heroic men, saintly women, English justice elevating the world, English freedom liberating it English courage defending it (I have not mentioned the Armada or Gibraltar). By now I think they are convinced that England should inherit the earth. I am making great progress. Yesterday, Maria Dolores approached me in some uncertainty. "Abuela," she asked, "was Jesus English?" Reluctantly I answered no.

## Temple Highlight

by ANTHEA BICKERTON

AFTER lunch I pulled myself slowly up through the sweet-smelling fir trees. The scorched, dusty earth burnt through my sandals. As I climbed, the feeling of excitement and anticipation grew. And at last I saw the Temple. It was more beautiful even than I had imagined. Slowly, softly, almost reverently I walked between the pillars. A romantic euphoria enveloped me.

Suddenly. Snap. A voice sliced through my silence and wonder. "Hold it. Cut. Cut. Cut." I shaded my eyes against the glare of an enormous reflector. A man sitting astride a trolley shouted. "Sorry, ma'am, we've booked the Temple for the afternoon. You can come down and join us so long as you keep quiet. Give her a drink, Bob." Dazed, I walked a few yards into the shade of the trees. A man in a straw hat handed me a drink to which he added ice. "It's only Coke," he apologised. I started to ask him what was going on, but he put his finger to his lips, said "ssh" and departed.

"All right," shouted the first man, "we'll begin again. This time, darling, more slowly." He steered the trolley, on which I now saw there was a camera, towards a young girl in a green diaphanous dress. She was sitting at a very frail kidney-shaped plywood dressing table. The dressing table supported a large lurid green bottle. Her long blonde hair was a soapy lather. "Now smile, darling," the cameraman cooed. The girl bared her teeth and sensuously circulated her elegant fingers round her head. "Jeez, this is going to be great," he croaked. The camera drew nearer. "Hold it. Let's go with the glitter." Two men sprinkled handfuls of something on to her hair. Their nonchalance suggested they were decorating a Christmas tree. The girl's fingers began to roam over her hair. "No, no, no," roared the camera-

man. "You are not smiling, honey darling. Please smile." He turned to one of his team and asked "Why does she look as though she's scratching in the earth for potatoes?" He pushed his hat to the back of his head and addressed himself to the huddle of men round him. "Look," he said, "we've got to catch the five o'clock boat to Athens. For God's sake one of you make her smile." Bob detached himself from the huddle and walked towards the girl. Very gently he placed a towel marked "Royal Hotel" over her shoulders. He bent down and they murmured together for a moment. "She's hot, Hank," he shouted. "Give her a drink," snapped Hank. "Gin, whisky, the shampoo if you like, but make her smile." Bob administered. They began again. Two hours later the glitter was getting low, but just half an hour before the boat was due to leave, the highlights, the smile and hair manipulation were just right. Honey darling rose from the dressing table with a very genuine smile. In twenty minutes they were packed and gone. I went too.

Next time I shall book the temple.

## Sparing Thoughts

by

HAZEL TOWNSON

WE ought to ask mother for Christmas,

But mother's so frail and so old  
If she travelled I fear that at this time of year

She would catch a most terrible cold.

We ought to ask mother for Easter,

But mother is seventy-three  
And would, I've no doubt, be the first to point out  
How treacherous April can be.

We ought to ask mother for ever,

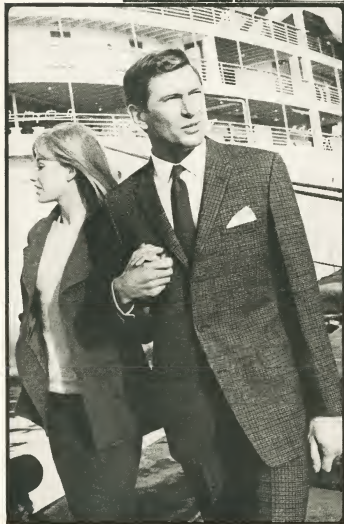
But mother's so scared of a fuss,  
So eager to please and put others at ease  
She might come just to gratify us.







Smooth landfall—  
in Woolmark wool.



Cruise away in the highest style:  
this suit wears the Woolmark:  
international symbol of pure new  
wool that's been tested to  
international quality standards—  
the best wool in the world.

SUMRIE chose West of England  
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# I'm a stranger here myself

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Gaudy looking money

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The ability to talk English loud

A little zipper bag with an airline badge on it

OR a small grip of black baby alligator-skin

(It doesn't matter which you take so long as it's empty

It's for putting bottles of duty-free whisky in)

Don't worry about Ahroad. Ahroad is all right. You can get White Horse Whisky Ahroad. In fact, Ahroad is just the same as Here. Only sunnier. This makes all the difference. The people who live Ahroad are called foreigners. They tend to be splendidly bronzed. Because of the sun. They have local customs. One of their customs is wine making. They make wine from grapes, which ripen well there. Because of the sun. Wine's all right with food, but even foreigners realise there are better drinks than wine. Even foreigners have discovered the delights of White Horse Whisky.

Foreigners can be quite civilised sometimes. They realise that Scotch Whisky is a very special experience indeed. And they think White Horse Whisky is très snoh. Foreigners serve you Scotch Whisky in tall glasses. And charge you the earth, but you get a lot. They serve it with great chunks of ice. Because of the sun. So when you're abroad, drink what the locals drink. Scotch.

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